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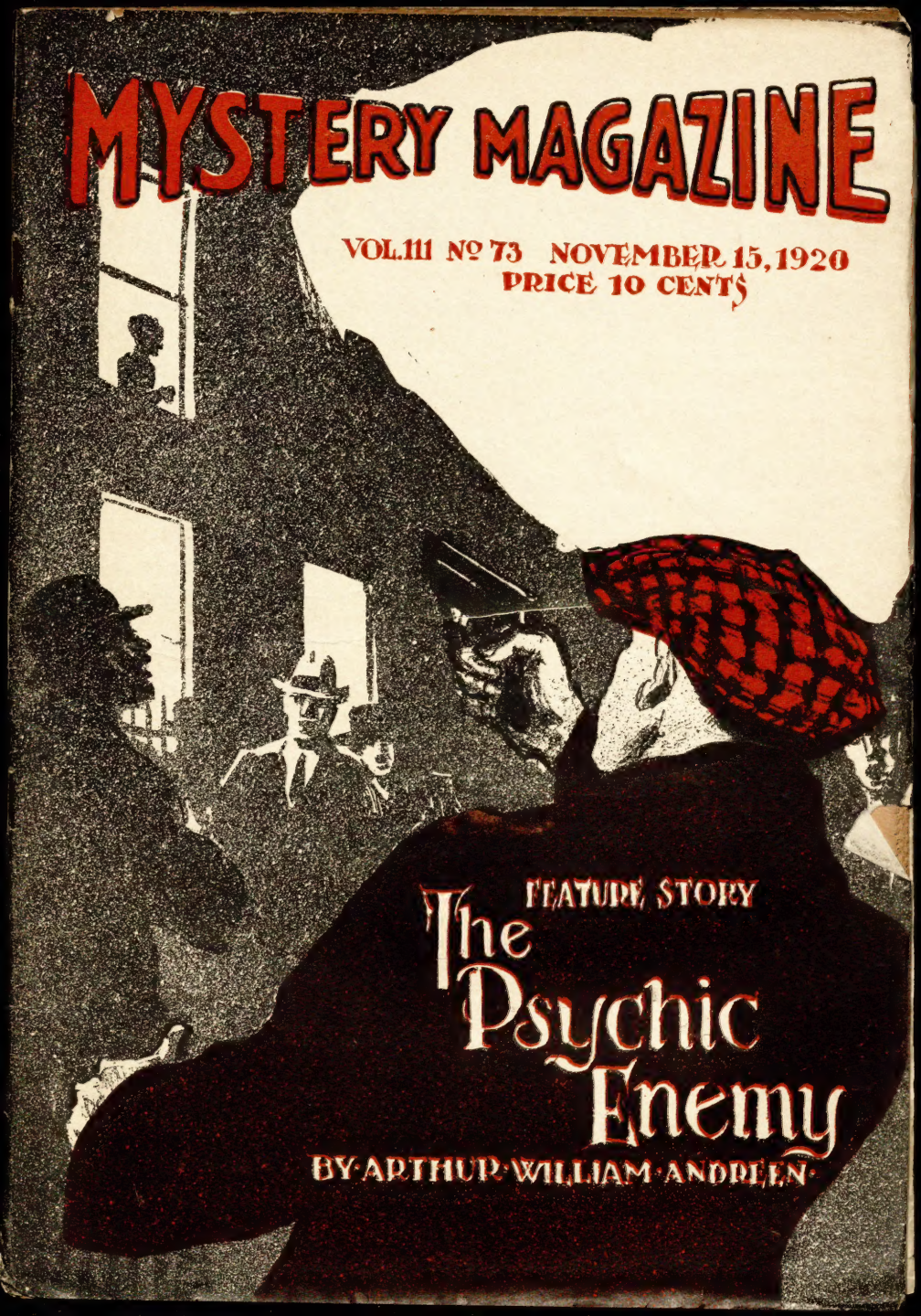

FEATURE STORY

The Psychic Enemy

BY ARTHUR WILLIAM ANDREEN

Read the Startling Detective Story "The Wonder Girl," in our next issue.

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

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THE PSYCHIC ENEMY

A MYSTERY STORY

By ARTHUR WILLIAM ANDREEN

"MAY I see the letter, please?"

Mrs. Worth, a woman of middle age, whose features clearly indicated an early struggle with the world, reached into the desk drawer with a trembling hand and gave the letter to Dr. Sylvan.

"Did I understand you to say your daughter received this on the nine o'clock mail this morning?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Worth. Dr. Sylvan noted the poor quality of the stationery as he commenced to read the contents.

"MISS HELEN WORTH:

"You may never have seen me, but if you consider your life worth the price of a single match obey this letter at once. Board a train at the station for New York this very afternoon.

"I'll give you a fair warning not to utter a word to any one, particularly your mother. If you fail to obey me, the worst will follow."

"Some work of the white slavers, I imagine. My advice, Mrs. Worth, is to notify the police at once."

Mrs. Worth's eyes were filled with tears as she replied: "Do what you may consider best, doctor. I never dreamed of such a terrible thing; I can't believe it."

"May I use the phone, please? Lake 4100—hello—Police Headquarters?—Commissioner Griffin? Dr. Sylvan talking. Send one of your plain clothes men to 1042 Harbison avenue at once. Upon his arrival I'll leave for your office to explain in detail."

Dr. Sylvan hung up the receiver. Turning to

Mrs. Worth, he continued: "I don't believe there is anything to be greatly alarmed over. It may possibly be the work of some insane person who is not responsible for his actions. Dr. Sylvan tried to cheer Mrs. Worth, but at heart he knew her daughter was in danger. "Nowadays," he continued, "very little gets past the police. They surely deserve more credit than the public gives them. They are aware of all the wicked work of the underworld, and I believe in time will probably break up the large gangs operating the world over."

Mrs. Worth seemed deep in thought. Undoubtedly she had not been listening to the doctor's encouragement. With her daughter Helen, who would be nineteen her next birthday, she had occupied the house since her husband's death seven years ago. Was she, at fifty-one, to have more sorrow brought into her life by some unknown man whose will power could master her only child, threatening her with abduction or possibly death? At the very thought of it she cried aloud.

Dr. Sylvan, the old family physician, tried to calm the heart-broken woman, whose husband he had known the greater part of his life, but she refused to listen to him.

Fully twenty minutes had elapsed when the sharp ring of the door-bell broke the silence. Dr. Sylvan answered the call. Mrs. Worth could hear some talking downstairs, but could not distinguish what was being said. After a few moments Dr. Sylvan entered, followed by a man of rugged build, apparently an Irishman.

"Mrs. Worth, meet Detective Skelly from Police Headquarters. I assure you of his sincere intention to do all that is possible to safeguard your daughter. Helen Worth must not leave this house. Mr. Skelly, I trust her in your care until you are relieved from headquarters," said the doctor upon departing.

"Hello, Doc! What's doing at 1042 Harbison?" Police Commissioner Griffin swung a cozy armchair invitingly toward Dr. Sylvan.

"You have an extraordinary case before you, Griffin," began the doctor. "Miss Worth and her mother occupy the two-story frame house at 1042. I've attended the family for the last twenty-two years. Mr. Worth died seven years ago. About nine-thirty this morning I received a telephone call from Mrs. Worth, stating that her daughter had received a strange letter, and after reading the contents had apparently gone out of her mind. By the way, I have the letter here. In my opinion, the girl has lapsed into a state of coma, through the influence of an unknown person."

Commissioner Griffin looked at the handwriting on the envelope as he remarked: "I see it was posted at Station C at eleven-thirty last night. How old is this Helen Worth?"

"Nineteen her next birthday," replied the doctor.

The commissioner read the letter twice before he replied. "This appears to be about the same threat that has been reported from various large cities, but I can't recollect ever hearing of the victim lapsing into a state of coma. How does it affect the girl?"

"Why she is constantly pursued by this unknown, psychic enemy, whom she is forced to obey. She has intervals when she is in her right mind. When she feels the power of this unknown enemy overcoming her she tries hard to resist, but in vain. She is being threatened with all sorts of abuse and abduction, unless she obeys his wish. I studied her for over two hours, trying to keep her mind occupied. I told her stories, had her play the piano, did everything I thought would make her forget, but the spell of this man has completely bewildered her mind. I may say in a frightful manner, she also complains of a severe headache. I am inclined to believe that the medical profession cannot assist until the offender is under control."

"Can't she describe the man?"

"She cannot say anything that may lead to a clue. And she is far from being able to leave the house."

Commissioner Griffin scribbled some notes on a pad and pressed a button attached to his desk. The call was answered almost immediately.

"When Joe Brock returns, send him in at once."

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Sylvan rose from his chair. "Well, I'll be going. I will call about twice a day to see if the girl's condition may change. Good-day."

"Good-day, doctor."

"Brock, you have often spoken to me about those spiritual, natureopathic and Christian science meetings you have attended. You may use some of your wit in a case I have here," said the commissioner with a broad smile.

Joe Brock, a man of possibly thirty-two, had a chest expansion of six inches, and did not hesitate to show it when he had the opportunity. He threw out his chest as he yanked a chair over to the desk. "Shoot!"

Commissioner Griffin explained in detail the case as Dr. Sylvan had laid it before him. After a moment's silence Brook produced a small notebook, entered the name and address, replacing the book and letter in his vest pocket.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I don't believe my spiritual or any other knowledge will be of any use; furthermore, we have no white slavery gang in this city. We have to deal with a person who is totally unknown to any of us. There must be more than one behind the letter. That part of Harbison avenue is crowded at all times, being in the business district. It would be a cinch for a couple of fellows to be on the street to see if she leaves the house this afternoon. The girl can't be used to run them down. From my point of view, it's best to let them try to carry out their threat. Then, again, the girl's condition may turn critical if the man whose overpowering influence she is forced to obey is placed under arrest."

"I guess you are right," agreed the commissioner. "It would be advisable to keep the matter out of the press, as it would hinder running them down."

"You say Skelly is at 1042 now?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll run down to look things over. It's ten minutes to one now," said the detective as he left the commissioner's office.

Within twenty minutes Brock was facing 1042. It was a two-story frame house, laid out in the old Colonial style. Judging from its appearance, it had seen at least fifteen to twenty winters. Brock entered through the large iron gate, covered the five steps up to the door and rang the bell. The call was answered by Detective Skelly.

"Hello, Brock. Did they put you on this case?"

"Why?" asked Brock, as though taken by surprise, not forgetting Skelly's good humor.

"Oh, you got a case all right this time," answered Skelly with his sharp grin. The two men proceeded up to the second floor, where Mrs. Worth, whose eyes were red and swollen, was faithfully watching her daughter's suffering.

Skelly took the liberty of introducing Brock as the man who was going to run the criminals to the wall. Brock noted Helen Worth carefully. At the time she was in one of her lucid moments, and to Brock appeared to be about twenty-three instead of nineteen.

"Have you been associating with any gentlemen of late?" began Brock.

"No, I have not," replied the girl in a sweet but, somehow, a scared tone,

"Could you describe the man who is constantly before you?"

To Brock's disappointment the voice broke in a nervous wail as she replied, stammering: "I can't say."

She was forced to obey the enemy and could not speak. Detective Brock searched the girl's face hopelessly. A man with such an influence that he could permit his victim to speak only at his command and then only to answer questions that did not concern him would carry out his threat. Helen's condition would not change if she were taken out of the city, for miles are of no obstacle to a man like this. Turning to Mrs. Worth: "May I speak to you for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Worth. She had to steady herself when she rose from the comfortable morris-chair.

"Have you any idea of the companions Helen has been associating with of late?"

"As far as I know, she has spent much of her time at the Rolfe home. They have been very dear friends to the family for years. May Rolfe and Helen have been very intimate since childhood. Helen said last night when she came home, escorted by May, that they were very interested in some books bought by Mr. Rolfe at the late Rogers' auction. Even if this could account for Helen's present condition, it does not account for the letter," said Mrs. Worth as tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I'll call at the Rolfe home this afternoon; they are up on Washington Parkway, if I am not mistaken."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Worth, "at 1219." Her face was hidden in her handkerchief as she started for her daughter's room.

Detective Brock departed. He did not believe his steps would lead to anything that would help run down the man he sought. But he had no other clue to follow. Stopping at a public phone, he called up Commissioner Griffin.

"You better send two men to cover the block in which Mrs. Worth lives. I suppose the house will be watched to see if the girl obeys."

"I'll send Hemgen and Kenyon down at once," replied the commissioner. Brock hung up the receiver and started for Washington Parkway.

"Is Mr. Rolfe home?"

"No, sir," was the reply from a girl about twenty, who Brock took for granted was the girl Mrs. Worth had spoken about as Helen's friend.

"Mrs. Rolfe in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, calling: "Mother, a gentleman here wishes to speak to you. Won't you step in, please?"

Brock was offered a seat in what he would call a reception-room. As he looked over the gorgeous furniture, fancy ornamental pieces and plush carpets, he could see that the Rolfes were financially better off than Mrs. Worth.

Mrs. Rolfe entered. "How do you do, sir."

"My name is Brock, from Police Headquarters." He reached into his pocket and produced his star to insure his identity.

Mrs. Rolfe was startled and asked: "And what brings you here?"

"Mrs. Worth's daughter Helen received a strange letter this morning, threatening her with abduction. The letter states that she must take a train for New York this afternoon without mentioning a word about it to any one. Immediately after reading the letter Helen lapsed into a state of coma."

"I don't understand, 'state of coma.' What do you mean?"

"I may say she was so frightened at reading the letter and that the man who wrote it has such strong intentions of wronging this girl that she is forced to obey his mental suggestions. He tells her in this letter that if she fails to obey the worst will follow. She cannot speak nor move, except at the bidding of this man, who is forever before her."

"Oh! Isn't that terrible! And such a good girl too!" Mrs. Rolfe could hardly express her sympathy.

"Mrs. Worth spoke of your daughter and her daughter Helen being very dear friends."

"They surely are and always have been."

"With your consent, may I ask your daughter a few questions?"

Mrs. Rolfe did not take take time to answer the detective, but called her daughter at once. After explaining what had happened to Helen, Mrs. Rolfe introduced Detective Brock to her daughter.

"Mr. Brock wishes to ask you a few questions. Don't be afraid to answer frankly, for it may mean Helen's life," cautiously spoke Mrs. Rolfe.

"Do you know of any man who has shown any affection to Helen?"

"No, sir," replied the girl, as if positive of her answer.

"Did you ever notice anything that would lead you to suspect any one?"

"No. When we girls walked along, attending to our own affairs, we were always looked upon as though we were freaks of some kind," replied the girl with a smile.

"I fully agree with you," replied Brock with a hearty laugh. "Mrs. Worth spoke of you and Helen reading some books of your father's that he bought at an auction."

"Yes; Helen and I were greatly interested in them."

"May I see them, please?"

May Rolfe darted upstairs. Within a minute she returned with two books, leather bound, apparently some years old.

Brock looked over the titles and remarked: "I don't think these are suitable reading for girls of your age. And I may say they help to account for Helen's present condition."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Rolfe, as she stepped over to see what the titles were.

"Statistics of Hypnotism," by Professor Stuartz.

"Some Mental Suggestions," by Howard Whittman.

"I assure you, Mr. Brock, that I was not aware they were reading those books. Furthermore, I don't see how girls can get interested in such literature," added Mrs. Rolfe.

"We all possess some mental suggestion," continued Brock. "Persons who have read enough about hypnotism to become interested will fall the prey of a hypnotist more quickly than one who is totally ignorant of how it is done."

"Is Helen hypnotized?" asked May.

"No, I can't say that she is," answered Brock. "She is more than hynotized in a way. This man's overpowering influence has her at his bidding, although she possibly never has seen or spoken to him. But by means of his letter he has will power enough to constantly compel her to obey."

"She isn't going to take the train?" interrupted Mrs. Rolfe.

"No; Dr. Sylvan has given orders that she cannot leave the house. We have a detective constantly watching over her. She has a hard time to resist, but——"

"But what?" asked Mrs. Rolfe inquisitively.

"She may try," answered Brock, as though at a loss for words.

"Does that man know he has her in a state of coma, and when will she be all right again?" asked May.

"Probably he does not know, but naturally he is constantly thinking of her," answered Brock.

"Really, it is too bad, and to think our books are partly responsible for her present condition. I shall call up Mr. Rolfe at his office and let him know about it at once. Possibly he may assist in placing the writer of the letter under arrest," said Mrs. Rolfe.

"It will be of no use to arrest him if we do find him. That would not change Helen's coma. The enemy's psychic suggestions will penetrate any prison walls or any distance. A sudden surprise, while he was about to carry out his threat, would very likely break the spell of the overpowering influence."

"I don't understand," replied Mrs. Rolfe.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Rolfe," said Brock, "but I can't stop any longer." He pulled out his watch, to find it half-past three. "I am glad I have found those books, as they relieve me of a great deal of figuring. My advice, Mrs. Rolfe, is not to allow your daughter to read them any more."

"Don't worry, Mr. Brock; I'll see to that," replied Mrs. Rolfe as the detective departed.

Brock found Hemgen and Kenyon, in their usual disguise as a pair of loafers, stationed at Harbison avenue.

"Well, what do you know?" asked Brock as he met them.

"Nothing," replied Hemgen. "What do you know?"

"About as much," answered Brock

"Give us a fair description of the guy you want," said Kenyon, "and if he passes here we'll get him for you. What about that, Hemgen?"

"You're right," answered Hemgen, as he nodded his head. "Everybody that passes here looks about the same as they do any other day."

"I wouldn't have asked you two to assist if there was a possible clue to go by. I could have picked my man myself," answered Brock with a grin.

"Out of the mass of people constantly going by here, it would be difficult to distinguish even a well-described character," was Hemgen's excuse.

"I guess you are right," agreed Brock as he turned to enter Mrs. Worth's house.

Three days had elapsed, with no change in Helen's condition. Mrs. Worth had a severe shock and was forced to go to bed. The post-office sleuths (the best in the country) were after the man for using the mails for improper purposes. No clue had been worked up and he had not appeared to carry out his threat.

Joe Brock was standing at Main and Park streets, puffing away on a cigarette, undoubtedly not thinking of the Worth case, when he was aroused by Fred Hemgen.

"Here is a note just received by an A. D. T. messenger boy, who declares a man gave it to him to deliver to Miss Helen Worth personally. When we told him he could not see Miss Worth he said he would try some other time during the day. Kenyon is holding him at 1042 Harbison."

Brock yanked the note from his hand, opened it and commenced to read:

"HELEN WORTH:

"You have failed to obey my friendly advice. I distinctly gave you a fair warning. Now you can expect the worst to follow any time."

The two detectives headed for 1042, and within ten minutes they entered Mrs. Worth's home, where the A. D. T. messenger was seated with Kenyon.

"From whom did you get this?" growled Brock, as he shook the note in the boy's face.

"A man gave it to me," replied the frightened messenger boy.

"Where?"

"On Main street and Still place. Gee, don't tell my boss or I'll get canned. I got a half a buck for delivering this note, and a half a dollar is a lot of money for an All Day Tramp [A. D. T.] to get for fifteen minutes' work."

"What did the fellow look like who gave you the note?"

The boy looked up at the three stern-faced men who were gazing at him and said: "Please let me go; I've got to get back to the office." He reached into his pants pocket and offered the fifty cents to Brock. "I'll get fired, sure."

"I don't want your fifty cents. What kind of a looking man gave you this note?"

The boy seemed more at ease when he was told he could keep the money. He replied: "I didn't look very close, but he was, maybe, about six inches bigger than me, and had very nice clothes on."

"Had he a dark or a light complexion?"

"I did not notice. He had a gray suit, I think, and—and—brown cloth-top shoes—that I am pretty sure of."

"About how old was he?"

"Maybe about thirty."

"Did he have a mustache?"

"No."

"Well, you better come with me," said Brock; "and, Hemgen, you better run down to Main street and Still place and look around. Call up at headquarters if you see anything. Brock departed with the A. D. T. messenger as Hemgen headed for Main street.

"Ain't you going to take me to the telegraph office?" asked the boy as Brock turned to go the opposite direction.

"No, not yet," answered Brock, as they continued up Pearl street. "What was it—a light or dark blue suit the man had on?" asked Brock as he looked down on the messenger.

"He didn't have no blue suit—it was a gray," answered the boy as though astonished that Brock should have forgotten so quickly.

After a few minutes' silence as they continued to walk, Brock asked: "So he was about as tall as you are?"

"No, he was taller than me. Can't you picture about six inches over my head?" asked the boy.

"I guess I can, but I thought you said he was as tall as you are."

"Nope," answered the boy, as the two turned across the street and entered Police Headquarters.

When inside Brock turned to the left and addressed a man in uniform: "Take this fellow to the detaining room. He is to be held as a material witness."

"All right, Brock," answered the big officer as he took hold of the messenger. "Shall I notify his parents and place of employment?"

"Yes, you'd better," answered Brock, starting for Commissioner Griffin's office.

"Read this," said Brock, handing the note to Griffin. "We've got the messenger who tried to deliver it, and he gave a fair description of the fellow who handed it to him."

Commissioner Griffin read over the note, remarking: "So he did come to life again?"

"It looks much like it," answered Brock. "I am holding the A. D. T. messenger as a material witness. There is not much time to lose, for he will possibly carry out his threat by to-night. He fears nothing or he wouldn't have sent a messenger," added Brock.

"Are Hemgen and Kenyon at 1042?"

"No, I sent Hemgen to Main street and Still place to look around. The boy claims there's where he was stopped and asked to deliver that note. Kenyon is still at 1042. How about sending out a general alarm with the afternoon shift of plain-clothes and regulars to shadow any one answering the description?" Brock picked up a pad and pencil and scribbled down the description, putting lines under "brown cloth-top shoes."

He put the pad before the commissioner. "But there are many who would answer this description," said Griffin, looking it over.

"But the brown cloth-top shoes," broke in Brock. "They'd hardly be changed even if he did change his outer clothes. And the kid was positive of them. Surely one of the four hundred and fifty men on beat would run across the man sought before night. That is, if he intends to fullfil his threat."

"Well, I'll send out the alarm," agreed the commissioner, adding: "He won't stick inside, but will be out to lay his own plans."

"I am inclined to believe he is not aware that we are after him. Even if he were, he wouldn't fear us any by the looks of his notes," said Brock.

The commissioner swung has chair around to to get a view of the clock. Half-past eleven," he said. "I'll have ample time to get the description to all the precincts before half-past twelve, when the next shift goes on."

"All right. Have them call 6559 Prospect, Mrs. Worth's number, in case they run across him. I'll be there all afternoon. In the meantime, I'll run out to get a bite to eat." Brock left Commissioner Griffin's office and hurried down to a buffet lunch.

At a quarter past twelve Brock entered 1042, to find Dr. Sylvan attending Mrs. Worth, whose condition had turned critical. Helen was still about the same, constantly being pursued by the unknown, and being threatened with death.

Hemgen had returned without any news and had joined Kenyon on duty on Harbison avenue. Brock seated himself by the large beveled glass window in a comfortable arm-chair. After a few moments Dr. Sylvan entered the room.

"How do you do, Mr. Brock?" began the doctor. "Heard anything, as yet?"

"Not as yet," replied Brock.

"May I see the note received this morning? Mr. Kenyon told me a messenger tried to see Helgen in order to deliver it."

"Certainly," answered Brock, giving the letter to the doctor.

"With this letter and the messenger who tried to deliver it," continued Dr. Sylvan, after reading the note, "I should think you fellows would have enough clue to enable you to get your man and place him under arrest. A person of his character is far from being a safe person to walk the streets among innocent people who attend to their own business."

Brock had listened to Dr. Sylvan with little interest, and answered in a sarcastic tone: "We are doing all we can to find our man. Commissioner Griffin has sent out a general alarm covering the whole city and outskirts, upon my request. If by any chance any of the men should run across him, he has orders not to arrest the man, but to shadow him. They will notify me here at once."

"Don't you think you are endangering this girl and possibly this girl's mother (who is very low, as it is) by not arresting this man?" asked the doctor.

"Possibly we are," snapped Brock, "but that's our business. You must know, doctor, that placing this man under arrest will not change the girl's condition. Sound travels one thousand and four hundred and forty-four feet in what you may call dry air."

Dr. Sylvan searched the detective's face, trying to get the meaning of the last remark, but Brock did not move a muscle. Possibly he had hurt the detective's feelings, but what of that? It meant two innocent persons' lives were in danger. He had a right to tell his opinion on the matter. "I may add that Helen's condition is worse to-day," continued the doctor, "although she knows nothing about the note received this morning. She has slept very little in the past three days. I've been obliged to use forcible feeding, as she has refused to eat. And she may make an attempt on her own life unless a quick change takes place soon. Now she is also worrying about her mother in her lucid moments. So you can see she is constantly under a heavy strain."

The doctor waited for an answer, but receiving none, he continued: "I insist that the man, when found, be placed under arrest."

This was too much for Brock. He stood up facing the doctor and answered: "The case was placed in my hands by Commissioner Griffin. I am sure he would not have done so unless he had thought me qualified to see it to a finish."

"I still object. I shall call to see the commissioner at once." Dr. Sylvan took his hat and coat and made for his car, waiting at the curb, still wondering what the detective meant when he said sound travels one thousand four hundred and forty-four feet in dry air.

Very few persons could gain immediate admittance to Commissioner Griffin's private office unless he was attached to his force. Most generally an appointment had to be made, but when Dr. Sylvan's card was presented he was asked to step right in.

Commissioner Griffin looked up as the doctor entered, to find the latter's face full of excitement. "What the trouble, Doc?" inquired Griffin. The words had hardly left the commissioner's mouth when Dr. Sylvan began:

"Are you going to let those detectives of yours endanger Mrs. Worth's and her daughter's lives by not arresting the offender upon sight? You know well that he would not be the first one to get away from the police, under the circumstances."

The commissioner's face showed anger as he answered: "Dr. Sylvan, I suppose Mr. Brock is doing what seems to him best for the case."

"But what of the poor woman and her daughter, if he does get away? Are you to have this disgrace on your record, through the ignorance of one of your men? I shall not hesitate a moment to give the press in detail every point if your man fails. Arrest him on sight. You are holding a material witness with enough evidence to convict him. Don't take the chances of letting him get away, Griffin."

"Mr. Brock has my fullest confidence, and I firmly believe and assure you, doctor, he will see it to the best finish."

"Don't forget, Commissioner Griffin, that you are appointed by the people to do justice to the people. And if you fail to do so, you'll have the public knocking at your door. Good-day!"

The commissioner sank back motionless. "Although Dr. Sylvan is the leading physician of the city, he has no right to address me in that manner. Then again, he might be right. Shall I give him the benefit of the doubt?" The thoughts were all going around in the commissioner's head. As he picked up the receiver, he mumbled to himself: "Brock always has his own way and always runs his man to a finish. He won't fail this time." The commissioner replaced the receiver on the phone.

Fully three hours had elapsed and Brock still was seated, looking out of the window on the city's rush of a swiftly moving flood of humanity, when the phone rang. He leaped over to the table and pulled off the hook:

"Hello—hello!"

"Prospect 6559?"

"Yes."

"Joe Brock?"

"Yes."

"Shield 436 P. H., answering description,

headed north on Spruce street, just off Main; shield 44 P. H. assisting."

"Don't lose him," shouted Brock, as he heard the receiver being hung up on the other end.

Overjoyed at the good news, Brock went out on the front steps and hailed Hemgen. Hemgen came over in a hurry and could see by Brock's face that he had good news to spring. "Who is 436?" asked Brock.

"Artie Shlessman."

"And 44?"

"Charley Gordan," replied Hemgen. He knew what was coming now.

"Well, they are shadowing our man."

"Where?"

"Heading north on Spruce street."

"Good boy!" said Hemgen, as he went out to break the news to Kenyon.

Brock returned into the house. He pulled out his watch, to find it twenty-five of four. "It'll be dark in a couple of hours, and if our man is to carry out his threat, he'll head this way to look things over soon. Then, again, he may not even take the trouble to do so, or possibly he may wait a few days."

Brock stopped abruptly. There was some one talking at the front gate. He could now clearly distinguish Hemgen's and a woman's voice. He stepped over to the window, to find Mrs. Rolfe disputing with Hemgen about entering. Brock went to the door.

"It's all right, Hemgen," he called out. "Step in, Mrs. Rolfe."

The lavishly-dressed woman entered.

"How do you do, Mrs. Rolfe?" greeted Brock.

"Fairly well, thank you," answered Mrs. Rolfe, but Brock could see she was not in a pleasant mood. "Dr. Sylvan called to see me this afternoon, and I fully agree with him that the man should be placed under arrest," continued Mrs. Rolfe. Not alone for the girl's sake. Mrs. Worth would undoubtedly recover when she knew that the man who considered doing her daughter some wrong was in safe-keeping. All you men are doing is making things very unpleasant for both the girl and Mrs. Worth."

"I have no intentions of doing such. The man is now being shadowed by two men with good records. I believe I am doing what is right in this case," answered Brock, entirely at ease.

Mrs. Rolfe was alarmed when she heard that the man was being shadowed. She knew she could not change Brock's mind when Dr. Sylvan had failed to change Commissioner Griffin's. But she came to try. She had tried harshness, but she could see by Brock's steady, unchanging features that he was not going to give in. "Won't you please arrest him?"

"I don't think there is any need of it. And I may say I know what I am doing," said Brock, with a smile.

"Well, I don't!" snapped Mrs. Rolfe. "May I see Mrs. Worth?"

Brock went upstairs, tapped lightly on the door where Mrs. Worth was in bed and Helen was seated on a chair, trying to distinguish the comic page of a Sunday publication, which Dr. Sylvan had left for her.

"May I speak to you for a moment?" asked Brock.

The nurse stepped out and closed the door. "A very close friend of Mrs. Worth's wishes to speak to her."

"I am sorry, Mr. Brock. Dr. Sylvan gave me orders not to let any one enter."

"All right," replied Brock, starting downstairs.

"Dr. Sylvan has given the nurse orders not to let any one enter Mrs. Worth's room."

"Good-day!" snapped Mrs. Rolfe, as she left the house.

Brock sat down, lost in thoughts. Was he really endangering these two persons by not arresting his man? That would not break the girl's state of coma. And to leave the case half-solved wouldn't do. After lighting a cigarette he puffed away, watching the smoke disappear. Some minutes later he was again summoned to the phone.

"Hello!"

"Yes."

"Your man is seated in Tomkins Square. He met another fellow, spoke to him for possibly ten minutes, and left our man seated here. Forty-four is shadowing the other lad; he headed your way when he left here."

"Fine! Fine!" replied Brock, as he hung back the receiver. He went out to call Hemgen over.

"Our man is lounging in Tomkins Square. He spoke to another fellow, who possibly is heading this way. Forty-four is trailing him. If he comes here let him come in. I'll take care of things in here. If you get a chance tell 44 to keep after him."

"I'll see to that," promised Hemgen as he disappeared in the crowd.

Brock went upstairs and asked to speak to the nurse. She stepped out into the next room.

"A man may call very shortly. Whatever he may ask or say, you can answer that Mrs. Worth is very sick. There will be no need of going into detail."

Brock went downstairs and concealed himself behind the dark green Oriental portieres. Here Brock could get a good view of the front gate, through the window, and at the same time he was not five feet from the front door that led to the street. After five minutes a man in close-fitting, modern clothes appeared at the front gate. Brock watched him through the lace curtains as he looked up at the large, gold figures—1042—inserted over the door. He entered. A touch of the electric button outside was answered by the nurse, who had hurried to admit the expected caller, not noticing Brock hiding behind the portieres.

"My name is Cooney. I represent the City Water Tax Commission. May I see Mrs. Worth, please?"

Brock was not surprised to hear the sweet tone

of this Mr. Cooney. He was a common stool-pigeon.

"Mrs. Worth is sick in bed," answered the nurse.

"Miss Worth in?"

The nurse seemed confused. Finally she said: "She does not generally transact any of her mother's business, and I don't believe she will be interested."

"Oh! All right; I'll call some other time. Thank you."

Brock watched his man and 44 closing in on him as they disappeared in the crowd. The nurse was about to go up the stairs, when Brock stopped her. "I'd advise you not to speak to Mrs. Worth about the caller. It may upset her."

"I shan't," replied the nurse.

Brock was well satisfied; a broad smile came over him, as he lighted another cigarette. But it was getting dark, and they must be prepared for the worst. He expected his man when the crowd was at its thickest, at the time when the day's work was done. He notified Hemgen and Kenyon to keep close to the house. Our man might try his skill with a revolver, as the bedroom where Mrs. Worth and her daughter were could easily be a target from the street. That was Brock's first thought. He would call up Dr. Sylvan at once, to have his patients removed downstairs for safety. He again was startled by a sharp ring of the phone; this time to be told that the man who had called at 1042 had returned, spoken to the man seated in Tompkins Square and left, still trailed by 44. He called up Dr. Sylvan, only to find that he was away on a half-hour call. By that time it would be half-past six, and it would probably be too late. Brock looked out, to find the streets dark. With the exception of the few electric lamps, assisted by the store windows, they were unlighted. The crowd was steadily becoming more and more dense. Cars were running on half-minute intervals; everything was in a rush. "That's the doctor, all right," said Brock to himself, as the phone rang. Brock was surprised to hear Shield 436 P. H. at the other end of the wire.

"Your man is heading toward Harbison avenue. He has a dark-brown overcoat."

"Let him come," answered Brock and then added: "If he comes here, close in on him, but not until he has shown violence. My two men will assist you. But don't let him get away——" He was cut off at the other end.

He felt that he had to get the doctor to have the patients moved downstairs. Again he made an attempt, but the doctor had not returned.

Shield 436 followed his man at close range, as they got into the crowded section of the city. His man was taking things easy, walking at a slow but uncertain gait. He stopped and looked in different store windows. Finally he stopped in front of a café. Entering, he appeared to be a stranger, if one can judge from the way he looked around at the various ornamental heads of deer, fox and different kinds of birds scattered about on the walls. He had a beer and a whisky and left. Schlessman thought he'd have ample time to call up Brock. But once outside, his man continued his slow pace. It was only a matter of a few minutes before the man would reach Harbison avenue. The psychic enemy turned into Harbison avenue, now and then looking behind him. Schlessman was close at his heels, but had to be on the lookout for fear of being detected. His man crossed the street when some five hundred feet from the house, stopping in the dark hallway of a tenement house, from which place he could with ease watch the house where some one was to fall his victim.

A chill ran up Schlessman's back as he noticed a shadow on the yellow shade in a window on the second floor. He watched it every time it appeared on the shade. It was the only room that contained any light, as far as he could see. From where he was standing, he could not distinguish whether it was that of a man or woman or both. If he only could get word to Hemgen or Kenyon, who, he knew, were dodging through the crowded street somewhere in front of the house. Surely this was just what the psychic enemy was looking for. "And if I could detect it," thought Schlessman, "a man looking for such an opportunity would see it." The man left the hallway and crossed the street again. Schlessman was sure he was going after that window. "If I only could arrest him," said Schlessman to himself as he started after his man. "But Brock told me not to, until he showed violence. "But Brock ought to have thought of that window." His thoughts were in a whirlwind, but he knew he could not disobey orders, especially Brock's. He looked up at the window, and could now distinctly see on the shade the shadow of a woman. He looked at his man, who had stopped some seventy feet from the big iron fence that surrounded the Worth home. He had not showed or acted as though he was aware of the window. Stepping out to the curb, he tightened the cap on his head and proceeded to the corner of the fence. Schlessman had all he could do to watch his man, who was near his goal. The crowd kept going in a steady stream both directions. Schlessman elbowed his way closer to his man. He could not see Hemgen or Kenyon, who were to be somewhere about. The man drew closer towards the front gate, only a few steps. Schlessman knew that the woman's shadow, which still appeared on the shade, was to be the man's target, unless he himself went against Brock's will and stopped him. There was no time to debate. Schlessman stepped up within two feet of his man just in time to see the barrel of an automatic revolver popping out of the man's pocket. Schlessman did not take time to look to see what happened. He knew from the fallen glass that his man hit his target. The crowd was panic stricken. Schlessman drew his revolver and darted through the crowd after his man—it was only a matter of seconds.

A large touring car pulled up in high speed

to the curb. A man jumped out before the car came to a complete standstill and darted into the house. Brock, who was just coming out, grabbed his man and held him at the point of a gun. In the dusk he could not distinguish who he was.

"You'll suffer for this. I told you what would happen. I saw it with my own eyes."

Brock recognized Dr. Sylvan's voice, and continued out to the street. He was met by his three men, elbowing the crowd, who had stopped to get news.

"Good boy! We got you at last," said Brock in an overjoyed tone.

"But what of the woman in the window? He must have killed her!" cried Schlessman.

"You'd better run up and see," said Brock as though surprised.

"Schlessman ran upstairs, leaving his man in care of Brock and his two men.

"That's the time I put it over on them all," said Brock, turning to Hemgen and Kenyon, who could not make out head or tail of what Brock meant.

Schlessman found Dr. Sylvan admiring a broom, tied to a chair, dressed up as to resemble the bust of a woman when reflected on the shade. The doctor was speechless. All worked up from what he had seen and heard—the clear outlines of the woman on the shade—the shot, the falling of glass, his stopping Brock in the hall and calling him all the names he could think of at the time, his panic-stricken race up the stairs—and here he was!

Schlessman looked up at the doctor and said: "That's the time Brock put it over on me all right."

"You needn't mention me," replied the doctor, trying to force a smile.

The two went downstairs. Dr. Sylvan had nearly forgotten about Mrs. Worth and Helen. Not until he heard them talking in the dining-room had he remembered about them. He rapped lightly on the door, and was at once asked to come in. The first sight of Helen showed Dr. Sylvan that the overpowering influence that had held her the telepathic slave of another had left her.

"What does it all mean?" asked Mrs. Worth as she sat up in bed. "We have been so frightened we hardly knew what to do."

Just then Brock entered, after seeing his man carried off.

"Well, how do you feel, Helen?"

"Fine, thank you," answered the girl, as if she had come into a new world.

"Well, Doc," said Brock, "are you convinced that sound travels one thousand four hundred and forty-four feet in dry air?"

"I wish to apologize," replied Dr. Sylvan, as he extended his hand. "What's Commissioner Griffin's private phone number?"

HOW A NATURAL SODA FOUNTAIN IS BORN

A GEYSTER was born last November in the Puy de Dome district of France, where no such thing had existed before, although the region is rich in mineral water springs and typically volcanic.

The French Administration of Mines, under the direction of M. P. Termier, had undertaken to expore the Puy de Dome region for oil and borings were being made at Martres-d'Artieres. Prof. Ph. Glangeaud of the Faculty of Sciences of Clermont-Ferrand was in charge. After going down 1,361 feet through various sedimentary rocks, including two strata of bitumen, the drill penetrated a layer of water. This, under the action of the carbonic acid gas which it contained, squirted up to a height of fifty feet. For several days it continued intermittently. On Dec. 20 at midnight a violent explosion awakened the inhabitants of nearby villages. Then the geyser rested for three days, after which it began spouting again and vomited forth a drill 986 feet long and weighing about two and a half tons. The squirting lasted eight hours. Followed four days of quiescence, then began again with greater violence than ever, the water bearing with it much salt, sand, clay and bitumen torn from the strata through which it passed, and this it deposited in a rough circle like the crater of a volcano.

Machinery, buildings and trees were soon encrusted with carbonate of lime, giving the landscape a wintry aspect. The geyser remained active for nine days and eight hours, stopped on June 3, and after a few hours resumed work intermittently. On Jan. 27 it spouted forth an enormous quantity of gas, bitumen and mineral water at a temperature of 80 degrees F. With a few intermissions it continued till Feb. 28, when it ceased with a violent explosion of gas.

Prof. Glangeaud says that the orifice is now plugged by a great mass of bitumen which for the moment prevents its eruption, though this is likely to be resumed at any time when the pressure of the gas becomes great enough to blow out the cork from the neck of the bottle.

In thirty-one days the geyser threw forth about 220,000 cubic yards of mineral water, or as much as all the springs at Vichy give in a year. The solid matter it ejected weighed about 1,800 tons, including several hundred pounds of bitumen a day.

It is simply the carbonic acid gas in the water that causes the eruption; the temperature is too low for this to be the cause, but the water is just like that contained in a siphon of seltzer, which squirts forth as soon as the pressure is removed and for the same reason. The geysers of Iceland are caused by steam; those in Yellowstone Park are of both types.

The Frame-Up

By MARY K. ROBBINS

A YOUNG man, of gentlemanly but somewhat dissipated aspect, very pale and agitated, called upon Bill Fox with a note from one of the commissioners, enjoining the detective to assist the bearer, Edmund Webster, if Fox saw reason to place reliance upon the circumstances in which he was involved.

Edmund Webster!" exclaimed Bill, after glancing at the note. "You are the person accused of robbing Mr. Hutton, the merchant, and whom that gentleman refused to prosecute."

"The same, Mr. Fox. Although the disgraceful charge appears to be withdrawn, I and my family shall not be the less shamed unless my innocence can be proven. It is with that purpose that we have been advised to get your assistance. My father will hesitate at no expense for a thorough prosecution of the inquiry."

"Very well, Mr. Webster. The intimation of the commissioner is omnipotent with me. Sit down, and favor me minutely with your version of the affair, omitting no circumstance, however trivial, in connection with it. I may tell you," Fox added, opening his notebook—"I may tell you, by way of encouragement, that the defense you volunteered at the police department was, in my opinion, too probable to be an invention. That also, I suspect, is Mr. Hutton's opinion."

"I shall relate every circumstance, Mr. Fox, but first, I must call your attention to one or two family matters, essential to a thorough appreciation of the position in which I am placed."

"Go on, sir; it is my duty to hear all you have to say."

"My father," proceeded Webster, "who resides in Fifth avenue, retired about five years ago from a business in Maiden Lane, which has since been carried on by the former junior partner, Mr. Hutton. My father insisted that I should become a partner of Hutton's, and withdrew the money lodged for the commission.

"I had formed an attachment for Miss Ellen Bramston, residing at Hempstead, L. I. My father strongly disapproved of the proposed marriage. Like most successful city men he despises poverty with a laced coat on its back. Captain Bramston was proud, and a man that would rather see his daughter in her coffin than married to a poor man. 'It was condescension enough,' he angrily remarked, 'that he had permitted Ellen to encourage the addresses of the son of a merchant, but it was utterly preposterous to suppose she could wed an actual corn-dealer.'"

"Corn-dealer!"

"That was Captain Bramston's pleasant phrase, when I informed him of my father's purpose. The proposed partnership was as distasteful to myself as to Captain Bramston; but my father proved inexorable to my entreaties, and those of my sisters. I was placed in the dilemma, either of immediate banishment from home and probable forfeiture of my inheritance, or the loss of Ellen Bramston, to whom I was devotedly attached. After much anxious cogitation, I hit upon a scheme, requiring the exercise of a considerable amount of deceit and dissimulation, which would ultimately reconcile interest with inclination—give me Ellen, and not lose my father."

"To which deceit and dissimulation you are doubtless indebted for your present unfortunate position," smiled Bill.

"Yes. Mr. Hutton himself was strongly averse to receiving me as a partner, though for some reason or other he durst not openly oppose the project; his son, John Hutton, also objected to it."

"His son! I know the character of Hutton senior pretty well; what is that of his son?"

"Well, like myself, he is rather fast perhaps, but a good sort of young fellow. He sailed the week before last for Riga, on business."

"Before you were apprehended?"

"On the morning of the same day. Let me see, where was I? Oh—Mr. Hutton's aversion to the partnership, the knowledge of which suggested my plan. I induced him to tell my father that I should pass at least two or three months in the office, before the matter was irreversibly concluded in order that it might be ascertained if there was any possibility of taming me into business habits. I hypocritically promised ultimate dutiful submission to my father's wishes. The object I expected was the loosening of the old gentleman's purse-strings, which had of late been over-tightly drawn. I had several pressing gambling debts which it was absolutely necessary to pay; and the success, moreover, of my matrimonial project entirely depended upon my ability to secure a considerable sum of money."

"Your matrimonial project?"

"Yes, it was at last arranged, not without much reluctance on the part of Ellen, that we should effect a runaway marriage, set off for the country, and remain there till the parental storm had blown over. Money, however, was indispensable—money for the wedding expenses, the flight to Maine; and no likelier mode of obtaining it occurred to me than that of cajoling my father into good humor, by affecting to acquiesce in his wishes. Over and over again has Hutton left me alone in his private room, with the keys in the lock of his safe, where

large sums were frequently deposited, not only bank-notes, but untraceable gold."

"That looks like a singular want of caution in so precise and wary a man as Mr. Hutton," Fox remarked, half under his breath.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined Webster with some heat, his pallid face flushing. "It only shows that, with all my faults, it was impossible for me to be guilty of perpetrating a felony."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Webster; I meant nothing offensive; the remark was partly the involuntary expression of a thought which suddenly glanced across my mind."

"I have little more detail to relate," he went on to say. "Contrary to our expectation, my father became not a whit more liberal with his purse than before—the reverse rather. I soon found that he intended to keep the screws on till the accomplishment of the hated partnership placed an insuperable bar between me and Ellen Bramston. I used to converse frequently upon these matters with Mr. Hutton, as unreservedly as I do now with you. He always expressed his warmest sympathy with my aims; so much so in fact, that I at last ventured to ask him for the loan of about five hundred dollars, that being the least sum which would enable me to pay off the most pressing of the claims by which I was harassed, and carry out my wedding project. That favor, however, he flatly refused, under the plea that his having done so would sooner or later come to my father's knowledge."

"And Mr. Hutton, after that refusal, continued to afford you opportunities of helping yourself, had you been so minded?"

"Yes; unquestionably he did; but what of that?" sharply replied the young man, his pale face again suffused with an angry flush.

"Nothing, sir, nothing. Go on; I am all attention."

"Well, I made application to several moneylenders with ill success, till last Monday night, when I was accosted at Mr. Hutton's place of business, where I happened to be, by a respectable looking middle-aged man, who asked if I was the Mr. Edmund Webster who had left a note at Mr. Curtis's of Sixth avenue, on the previous Saturday, requesting a loan. I eagerly replied in the affirmative; upon which Mr. Brown, as the man called himself, asked if I had a promissory note for one thousand dollars; if so, he would give me cash. I answered in a flurry of joyous excitement, that I had not the note drawn, but if he would wait a few minutes until Mr. Hutton or a clerk came in, I would get one, and write the acceptance.

"He hesitated for a moment, and then said: 'I am in a hurry this morning, but I will wait for you in the bar-room at the Bay-Tree Tavern; have the kindness to be as quick as you can, and draw the note in favor of Mr. Brown.' He had not been gone above three or four minutes, when a clerk came in. I instantly hurried to a stationer's, wrote the note in his store, and took it to the Bay-Tree Tavern. The bar-room was full. In a box sat Mr. Brown, who, after glancing at the acceptance, placed a roll of notes in my hand. 'Do not display your money,' he said, 'before all these people. You can count the money under the table.' I did so, and ordered a bottle of wine. Brown, however, alleging business as an excuse, did not wait till it was brought—bade me good-day, and disappeared, taking in his hurry my hat instead of his own.

"I was exceedingly jubilant at this lucky turn of affairs; and, strange as it must appear to you, it did not strike me at the time as at all extraordinary or unbusiness-like, that I should have $500 suddenly placed in my hands by a man to whom I was seemingly unknown, and who could not, therefore, be certain that I was Edmund Webster.

"What with the effect of the wine I drank, and natural exultation, I was in a state of great excitement when I left the place, and hardly seemed to feel my feet as I hurried away to Maiden Lane to inform Mr. Hutton of my good luck, and bid his office a final farewell. He was not at his desk, and I went in and seated myself in his private office to await his return. I have no doubt that, as the clerk has since deposed, I did look flustered, agitated; and it is quite true also, that, after vainly waiting for upwards of an hour, left the place, and, as it happened, unnoticed by anybody. Immediately upon leaving Maiden Lane I hastened to Hempstead, saw Miss Bramston; and as everything, with the exception of the money, had been for some time in readiness, it was decided that we should take wing at dawn on the following morning. I next went to Fifth avenue, where I dined, and confided everything to my sisters except as to how I had obtained the necessary funds. At about eight in the evening, I took a taxi cab as far as Yonkers for the purpose of hiring a car. I was personally unknown to the garage man; it was necessary to prepay the machine as far as Maine, and I presented him with two of the fifty-dollar notes for that purpose. He did not appear surprised at the largeness of the sum, but requested me to place my name and address on the book. In my absurd anxiety to prevent the possibility of our flight being traced, I signed the book as 'Charles Hart, No. 60 Wall street,' and the man walked off.

"He was gone a considerable time, and I was getting exceedingly impatient, when, to my surprise and consternation, he re-entered the garage yard accompanied by a policeman. 'You are the gentleman from whom Mr. Evans received this fifty-dollar bill a few minutes ago—are you not?' 'Yes, to be sure,' I answered, stammering and coloring. 'Then step this way, if you please,' said the man. 'That bank note, with nine others of the same value, is advertised as having been stolen from a gentleman's office in Maiden Lane.' I thought I should have fainted; and when a paragraph in the *Globe* was pointed out to me, offering a reward on the part of Mr. Hutton, for

the apprehension of the person who had that day stolen ten fifty-dollar bills—the dates and numbers of which were given—from his office, I was so completely stunned, that but for the police-officer I would have dropped upon the floor. 'This, perhaps, may be cleared up,' said the officer, 'so far as you, Mr. Hart, are concerned; and I will, if you like, go with you at once to your address in Wall street.' It was of course necessary to acknowledge that my name was not Hart, and that I had given a false address. This was enough.

"I was at once secured and taken off to the station-house, searched, and the other eight bills being found upon me, no doubt was entertained of my guilt. Mr. Hutton, when he heard who it was that had been taken into custody, kept resolutely out of the way; but, after several remands, I was set at liberty. My account of the way in which I became possessed of the money was, as you know, scouted, and quite naturally; Mr. Curtis having denied all knowledge of Mr. Brown, or that he had commissioned any one to present me with five hundred dollars in exchange for my acceptance. Thus stigmatized and disgraced, I returned home to find my father struck down by the blow, and Captain Bramston's door shut against me."

"This is a mysterious business, Mr. Webster," Fox remarked, when the young man had ceased speaking; "but tell me, did either Mr. Hutton or his son know of your application to Mr. Curtis, the money-lender?"

"I cannot say that either of them did, though it is more than probable that I mentioned it to both of them."

"Well, Mr. Webster, I have confidence in your veracity; but is is essential that I should see your father before engaging in this case."

"He is anxious you should do so, and as early as possible."

It was then arranged that Bill should call on Webster, senior, at three o'clock the same afternoon, and announce himself to the servants as Mr. Thompson. He was punctual to the time appointed, and was ushered by one of the daughters into her father's presence. The old man was not yet sufficiently recovered to leave his bed; and Fox hardly exchanged half a dozen sentences with him, when the same young lady by whom he had been introduced hastily returned to say Mr. Hutton was below, and requested an immediate interview. Mr. Webster bade his daughter tell Mr. Hutton he was engaged, and could not be interrupted; and she was turning away to do so, when Bill said hastily:

"Excuse me, Mr. Webster, but I should like to hear, with my own ears, what Mr. Hutton has to say, unobserved by him."

"You may do so," he replied; "but how shall we manage to conceal you?"

"Easily enough—under the bed," and suiting the action to the word, Fox was in a moment out of sight. Miss Webster was then told to ask Hutton to walk up, and in a few minutes that gentleman entered the room. After a few hypocritical condolences upon the invalid's state of health, Mr. Hutton came to the point at once, and with a vengeance.

"I am here, Mr. Webster," he began in a determined tone, "to say that I will endure this shilly-shallying no longer. Either you give up the bonds you hold of mine, for borrowed moneys or——"

"Fifty-five thousand dollars and upwards!" groaned the sick man.

"About that sum including interest; in discharge of which load of debt I was, you know, to have given a third share of my business to your son. Agree at once to cancel these bonds, or I forthwith prosecute your son, who will certainly be convicted."

"I tell you again," retorted the excited invalid, "that I will not purchase mere forbearance to prosecute at the cost of a single dollar. The accusation would always be hanging over his head, and we should remain forever disgraced, as we are now, in the eyes of the world."

"I have turned that over in my mind," replied Hutton, coolly, "and I think I can meet your wishes. Cancel the debt I owe you, and I will wait to-morrow upon the magistrate with a letter in my hand purporting to be from my son, stating that it was he who took the money from my desk, and employed a man of the name of Brown to exchange them for your son's acceptance, he being anxious that Edmund Webster should not become his father's partner; a purpose that would necessarily be frustrated if he, Edmund Webster, was enabled to marry and leave this country."

There was no answer to this audacious proposal for a minute or two, then Mr. Webster said slowly:

"That my son is innocent, I am thoroughly convinced."

"Innocent!" exclaimed Hutton, with savage derision. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Still," continued the invalid, unmindful of the interruption, "it might be impossible to prove him so; and your proposition has a certain plausibility about it. I must, however, have time to consider of it."

"Certainly; let us say till this day week. You cannot choose but comply; for if you do not, as certainly as I stand here a living man, your son shall, immediately after the expiration of that time, be on the high road to Sing Sing." Having said this, Mr. Hutton went away, and Fox emerged from his undignified lurking-place.

"I begin to see a little clearer through this black affair," the detective said, in reply to the old gentleman's questioning look; "and I trust that we may yet be able to turn the tables upon the gentleman who has just left us. Now, if you please," he added, addressing Miss Webster, who had again returned, "I shall be glad of a moment's conversation with your brother." She led

the way down-stairs, and Bill found Edmund in the dining-room. "Have the kindness," Fox said, "to let me see the hat Mr. Brown left behind at the Tavern in exchange for yours." The young man seemed surprised at the apparent oddness of the request, but immediately complied with it. "What maker or seller's name was pasted inside the crown of your hat, Mr. Webster?"

"Young of Broadway," he replied; "I always purchase my hats there."

"Very good. And now as to Mr. Brown's personal appearance. What is he like?"

"A stout, middle-aged man, with very light hair, prominent nose, and a pale face, considerably pock-marked."

"That will do for the present, Mr. Webster; and let me beg that, till you see me again, not a soul receives a hint that we are moving in this business."

The officer then left the house. The hat had furnished an important piece of information, the retailers' label inside being "Perkins, Guildford, Bridgeport!" Bill alighted there the very next day at about two o'clock, in the strong hope of meeting a stoutish gentleman, distinguished by very light hair, a long nose, and a white, pock-marked face. The chance was, at all events, worth a trial; and he very diligently set to work to realize it, by walking about from dawn till dark, peering at every head he passed, and spending the evening in the most frequented places of the town. Many a bootless chase he was led by a distant glimpse of light or red hair; and one fellow with a sandy nut, and a pair of the longest legs Bill ever saw, kept him almost at a run for two hours one sultry, hot morning, before he headed him, and confronted a pair of fat cheeks, as round and red as an apple, between which lay, scarcely visible, a short stubnose. Patience and perseverance at length, however, met with their reward. Bill recognized his man as he was buying a cigar. He answered precisely to the description given, and wore, moreover, a fashionable hat, strongly suggestive of Broadway.

After a while he made towards a saloon, into the backroom of which Bill entered close after him. The officer had now leisure to observe him more closely. He appeared to be a respectable sort of man, but a careworn expression flitted at times over his face, which indicated much anxiety of mind, arising, probably, from pecuniary embarrassment. Bill presently obtained further and decisive proof, though that was scarcely needed, that Mr. Skinner, as the waiter called him, was Mr. Brown: in rising to leave the room, Bill took Brown's hat, which he had hung up, in apparent mistake for his own, and in the half-minute that elapsed before he replaced it, saw plainly enough, "Young, Broadway, New York," on the inside label. The only question now was, how to best avail himself of the lucky turning up of Mr. Brown; and whilst he was meditating several modes of action, the sight of a board, upon which was painted, "This ground to let: Apply to Mr. Skinner, Builder," at once decided him. He called upon Mr. Skinner, who lived about half a mile out of town, the next morning, inquired as to the conditions of the lease, walked with him over the ground in question, and finally adjourned to the hotel to discuss the matter further over a bottle of wine. Skinner was as free a soul as ever liquor betrayed into indiscretion; and Fox soon heard that he had lately been to New York, and had a rich brother-in-law there of the name of Hutton.

This charming confidence he seemed to think required a return in kind, and after he had essayed half a dozen indirect questions, Bill came frankly out with, "There's no occasion to beat about the bush, Mr. Skinner. You wish to know who I am. Well, then, I am a money-dealer; I lend cash sometimes, on security."

"A pawnbroker?" queried Mr. Skinner, doubtfully.

"Not exactly that: I oftener take persons in pledge than goods. What I mean by money-dealer is a man who discounts the signatures of fast men with good references, who don't mind paying handsomely in the end for present accommodation."

"I understand—a bill-discounter?"

"Precisely. But come, drink, and pass the bottle."

A gleam that shot out of the man's gray eyes strengthened a hope that Bill had hardly dared to entertain, that he was on the eve of a great success; but the trout, it was clear, required to be cautiously played. Mr. Skinner presently fell into a brown study, which Tom did not interrupt, contenting himself with refilling his glass as fast as he emptied it.

"A bill-discounter," said he at last, putting down his pipe, and turning towards the officer with a settled purpose in his look. "Is amount and length of time to run of any consequence?"

"None whatever, if the parties are safe."

"Cash down on the nail?"

"Cash down on the nail, minus, of course, the interest."

"Of course. Well, then, Mr. Thompson, I have a promissory note signed by Edmund Webster of New York, for one thousand dollars, at six months' date, which I should like to discount."

"Webster of Wall street?"

"No; his father is a retired corn-merchant, residing in Fifth avenue. The bill's as safe as the Bank of America."

"I know the party. But why doesn't your rich brother-in-law cash it for you?"

"Well," replied Skinner, "no doubt he would; but the fact is, there is a dispute between us about this very note. I owe him a bit of money; and if he got it into his hands, he'd of course deduct the amount. I've been obliged to put him off by pretending it was accidentally burned soon after I obtained it."

"A queer story, my friend; but if the signa-

ture's genuine, I don't mind that, and you shall have the cash at once."

"Here it is, then," said Skinner, unclasping a stout leather pocket-book.

The detective eagerly grasped the precious document, glanced at it, saw it was all right, placed it in his pocket, and then suddenly changing his tone, and rising from the table, said:

"Now then, Skinner, alias Brown, I have to inform you that I am a detective, and that you are my prisoner."

"Police! prisoner!" shouted the astounded man, as he leaped to his feet: "what are you talking of?"

"I will tell you. Your brother-in-law employed you to discount the note now in my possession. You did so, pretending to be a Mr. Brown, the agent of a Mr. Curtis; but the villainous sequel of the transaction—charging young Mr. Webster with having stolen the very bank notes you gave him at the Bay-Tree Tavern—I do not believe you are aware of."

The bewildered man shook as with ague, and when Bill ceased speaking, protested earnestly that he had had no evil design in complying with his brother-in-law's wishes.

"I am willing to think so," replied Bill, "but, at all events, you must go with me to New York."

To this he, very reluctantly, consented; and half an hour afterwards they were in the train.

The next morning Mr. Webster's lawyers applied to Mr. Hutton for the immediate liquidation of the bonds held by their client. This rendered him furious; and Edmund Webster was again arrested on the former charge, and taken to the Central Office, where his father, Captain Bramston, and other friends, impatiently awaited his appearance. Mr. Hutton this time appeared as prosecutor, and deposed to the safe custody of the bank notes on the morning of the robbery.

"And you swear," said Mr. Webster's attorney, "that you did not with your own hands give the pretendedly stolen money to Brown, and request him to take it in Mr. Curtis's name to young Mr. Webster?"

Hutton, greatly startled, glanced keenly in the questioner's face, and did not immediately answer.

"No, I did not," he at last replied, in a low, shaking voice.

"Let me refresh your memory. Did you not say to Brown, or rather Skinner, your brother-in-law——"

An oath escaped the quivering lips of the detected conspirator, and a blaze of frenzied anguish and alarm swept over his countenance, leaving it as white as marble. No further answer could be obtained from him; and as soon as possible he left the office. Skinner was then brought forward; he made a full confession, and Edmund Webster was at once discharged, amidst the warm felicitations of the magistrate and the congratulations of his friends. It was intended to indict Hutton for perjury; but the unhappy man chose to appear before a higher tribunal than that of the Criminal Court. He was found dead in his bedroom early the next morning. His affairs were found to be in a state of insolvency, though the deficit was not large. Ellen Bramston became Mrs. Edmund Webster shortly after the vindication of her lover's character.

SCIENCE BAFFLED BY SCENTS

SOME time ago there was held in England a "Wonders of Science Exhibition" which served to reveal many marvels to the public unfamiliar with the work done with the microscope, the microphone and the micrograph.

The microphone magnifies sound as the microscope does things seen. The micrograph is the instrument used by the scientists in taking pictures of things shown by the microscope. More people are familiar, to some extent, with the microscope than with the microphone. They know it is possible to make objects entirely outside of the range of natural human vision visible by the use of the telescope for great distances and by the microscope for minute things close by; but few have any knowledge of the device by which it is possible to hear a fly walk or a caterpillar crawl.

Many other wonders of science were shown at Surbiton, but neither there nor anywhere else has science demonstrated its ability to help the sense of smell. It can do marvels for sight, hearing and touch, but not for the humble and useful nose. In that field the accomplishments of science have been nil.

Let a man stand two miles, say, to windward of the point where a herd of caribou will cross an open plain over which a fresh breeze is sweeping and it must be apparent that only an infinitely minute particle of whatever matter may be given off from his body or clothing can possibly reach the nostrils of any one deer in the herd. Yet, if the man is completely screened from sight by a rise in the surface of the ground the caribou will nevertheless catch the taint in the air. They would be warned of the presence of a wolf in the same way.

Yet science is utterly unable to detect anything which the olfactory nerve of the deer senses and identifies. It cannot see with a microscope anything in the air which came from the man. It cannot find any such substance with a chemical test of any kind. Instead of aiding the sense of smell, it is entirely incapable of matching it. Here is another realm for science to invade and subdue; but would the conquest be altogether desirable? It is a question whether the average man needs to smell more things or sense more thought that the gains would not offset the losses under the prevailing conditions of life.

Three Innocent Sirens

By JOHN HABBERTON

WHEN young Brown lost his father he found much consolation in the fact that he was the only heir, and that the estate, which was large, consisted principally in bank balances and interest-bearing securities, instead of being locked up in business, where it would have to be taken care of instead of spent.

From this comfortable fact proceeded two more, which were that young Brown could now indulge to the full his fondness for gambling and for the society of ladies. Hitherto his father, who knew the young man thoroughly, and had no sympathy with his inclinations, had kept young Brown on too small an allowance to cut a dash in society, but now all that was over.

The young man put on mourning, but he also made haste to go from his home to a seaside resort where the clothing that is most popular does not offer many facilities for display of the outward tokens of grief.

The clerk of the seaside hotel which young Brown selected soon learned that the youth had plenty of money which he was willing to get rid of, and that he looked wistfully at the array of beauty on the hotel piazza. The clerk was not there merely to assign people to rooms, so he introduced young Brown to Colonel Trews, a dignified gentleman with three daughters, who were so stylish and attractive that the young man promptly made himself miserable by wondering which of the three he ought to fall in love with.

The colonel, too, was delightful—a real gentleman, such as young Brown had read of in books; he said and did everything in the manner of the best fathers in the novels which young Brown liked best, and treated his new acquaintance as if young Brown were a man and an equal, instead of a tiresome young fool, as young Brown had usually been regarded in his native town.

Brown was happy. It chanced that one of the Misses Trews, a superb blonde whom her sisters called Witchie, attempted to tell the young man's fortune by means of a pack of cards. When finally the pretty fingers dropped the cards upon the table, Brown picked up the pack, and absent-mindedly dealt himself several poker hands, going through the motions of discarding and drawing, as if he were really playing.

"Do look, girls!" exclaimed Mell, Witchie's younger sister. "One would think that Mr. Brown was trying to make solitaire of that stupid game of—the game with pairs and threes and full houses and other idiotic things?"

"I do believe the child means poker," said Witchie.

"Oh, yes, that's it. Really and truly, Mr. Brown, weren't you thinking of it?"

Brown admitted that he was, and that he supposed it was dreadful of him.

"Oh, no," said Witchie, with a contemplative look in her deep blue eyes, "not dreadful. There's nothing dreadful about that game; 'tis simply stupid."

"Stupid!" echoed young Brown. "I'm sure you couldn't think so if you were to play it with enough risked to make the game interesting."

"Perhaps," replied Witchie, with some doubt in her voice. "But, you see, when we play it, we bet papa's chips—those red and blue and white round things, and even if we win a lot of them, what are they good for?"

"But suppose," persisted Brown, "that one of those white chips signified a dollar, a red chip meant five dollars and a blue one ten, and all that you won were to be redeemed in money at the end of the game—wouldn't that make the game seem interesting?"

"Perhaps," again assented Witchie. "But I don't know."

"Why not try and find out?" Brown suggested. "If you will get your father's chips I will be the banker, and I'll promise not to let you lose anything, and to cash your winnings."

"What do you say, girls?" asked pretty little Mell, while her eyes danced as if something new and delightful was in prospect.

"Let us try it," said Witchie. "If papa comes in and seems not to like it, I will take all the blame."

With five minutes Brown thought himself in Paradise. Pretty girls—three of them. He liked the game; he liked the girls, but he had never dared to hope to enjoy both at the same time.

The girls lost so steadily, at first, that Brown gallantly determined that the next time one of them had the courage to "call," he would declare nothing better than queen high, even should he hold something very good. He bet high on anything and nothing, and soon had the pleasure of seeing Witchie win. As the other girls seemed to take some confidence from this, Brown continued to declare himself beaten for several successive hands, no matter what he held. Soon, however, Miss Mell, the youngest sister, poutingly complained that Mr. Brown was letting himself be beaten, so the youth had to play in earnest thereafter.

Then the youngest Miss Trews expressed an awful suspicion. She said that Witchie had told fortunes with that pack of cards so often that she probably could read their backs as well as their faces; for her own part, the youngest Miss Trews was going to hold her own cards just under the edge of the table, and she advised all the other players to do likewise. This suggestion

raised a general laugh, after which it was followed a few minutes, and Witchie was much teased about not winning, but suddenly she declared a hand which won about fifty dollars—in chips. Then pretty Miss Mell won, although with a hand that had to be explained to her, for she had thrown down a flush of small cards as if it were of no value. Soon afterward Miss Kate, whom Brown had determined he liked best of the three, probably because she talked least, and looked most at him, gathered in a pleasing lot of chips with a "full."

Brown was no longer ahead of the game, but what of it? What did money exist for, he argued to himself, but to purchase enjoyment? Wasn't he enjoying himself? Oh, indeed he was!

And the girls were so unspeakably charming and nice! They treated him as familiarly as if he were an old acquaintance, yet their manners were exquisite; there was not a word, or look, or suggestion that was not entirely ladylike. As he played Brown told himself that he had struck it rich, and that unless the girls' father, the colonel, should prevent, he would have a game with those girls daily and end by marrying one of them—marrying Kate, he thought. What a happy life would be his forever afterwards!—a pretty wife, two pretty sisters-in-law.

When the game ended the young ladies made quite a protest against letting the young man cash their winnings, and they finally accepted the money only on Brown's promise to come again the next day and win all his money back.

Come again? Brown so longed for the next day that he remained awake most of the night waiting for it. It came; he went; and again he succeeded in letting the girls do some winning. Perhaps they won sometimes without his assistance, but, really, Brown had so entirely lost himself in the depths of Miss Kate's glorious eyes that he did not care in the least for his cards and their chances.

The tenor of his thought was arrested by a complaint from Miss Mell that Witchie was again doing all the winning, and that it must be that Witchie could read the backs of the cards. Again the suggestion was made, and acted upon, that the cards should be held just below the edge of the table to save their secrets from Witchie's eyes. Half an hour afterward pretty little Miss Mell exclaimed suddenly:

"Oh, I'd like to bet five hundred dollars on this hand!"

"That might be dangerous," said Brown. He really had to say it, for his own hand, after the draw, contained four sevens. For the first time he found himself wishing that there were some men in the game, for it was a shame to hold such a hand, have a pocketful of money—not a mere check-book, but a large quantity of cash—and no one to play against him but a lot of girls, whose money he couldn't take even if they had plenty of it, as well as the nerve with which to bet it.

Meanwhile Miss Mell had been carefully counting her chips. She borrowed some from her sisters, who dropped their own hands in her announcement of one that seemed to be worth five hundred dollars. She carefully stacked enough chips to represent the amount, and then, with dancing eyes and flushed cheeks, and her rich red lips slightly parted, she said:

"I dare you to see my raise."

Brown hesitated for an instant; he told himself it would be very sad to see so charming a crature disappointed, but, really, it was out of nature for a man to pretend to have nothing while he was holding four sevens. Miss Mell should have her revenge later, but now——"

"See you—and call," he said.

"I've got a diamond straight flush, with an ace at the head of it," exclaimed Miss Mell, as she spread her cards before her on the table. "See, girls."

Brown's face became grave. He was greatly astonished; he was also somewhat grieved; but as he looked from one girl to another, and finally saw a tender, pitying look on the face of Miss Kate, he said to himself that he would cheerfully lose five hundred dollars for that single look, and that he would begin his love-making at once, while the dear creature was pitying him, for is not pity akin to love?

But business is business. He had staked all his chips, so he took from his pocket a well-filled wallet and began to settle his losses.

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Witchie. "This is simply awful! Mell, you mustn't take the money!"

"Oh, but she must," said Brown gallantly, "for she won it so splendidly."

"But 'tis so much—so dreadfully much," murmured Witchie, while eager little Miss Mell looked at her inquiringly.

"'Tisn't much to me," said Brown, glad of an opportunity to declare himself a man of means.

"But what will our own father say? We shall be afraid to tell him—and what shall we do with the money?"

"Of, if it troubles you, drop it into the poor box of the nearest church. Better still, let me come again to-morrow and win it all back."

"Yes, do," said Mell saucily, "if you can. As for me, I feel as if I were born to luck."

Kate said nothing with her lips, but her eyes added an invitation to those of the other girls, and Brown went away so ridiculously happy that he could not feel uncomfortable at the loss of more than half a thousand dollars in a couple of hours.

Next day he found the girls waiting for him, eager that he should win back his money. He also found them even prettier and more charming; he told himself that there was evidently a healthy influence in the excitement of poker, otherwise three young women could not have such marvelous complexions and speaking eyes. Again Witchie told the young man's fortune with the cards and again did Mell warn the entire party that nobody's cards were safe in their hands while Witchie was in the room, for the girl seemed to look right though them.

Brown did not win back his five hundred; on the contrary, he lost quite as much more. Although no very large bets were made, one or other of the girls was invariably the winner. But what of it? It was worth all it cost to be defied by Mell's roguish eyes, to see Witchie's glorious complexion enhance itself when she won, and to get a heart full of sympathy from the soulful eyes of Kate, as he seemed to whenever he lost. Besides, weren't the lovely trio playing solely to amuse him?

The next day, before he came anew under the influence of the three dainty divinities in the colonel's parlor, Brown informed himself that he must win back some of that money, if only to keep the girls from laughing at him. He had heard the old expression of "A fool for luck," and he did not know how else to account for the extraordinary fortune of the young women, who seemed to care so little for the game, but he began to fear that he himself might seem a fool to the girls because of his ill luck. But when again the game began he was as unlucky—and as enraptured—as before. He tried to bet more discreetly, and keep his risks small, but the girls had got thoroughly into the spirit of the game, and he had been the cause of it, and it was out of nature for him to play small while all of the girls, even the deliberate and soulful-eyed Kate, were as careless of five-dollar chips as if they were merely staking nickels. Besides, the Trews were evidently rich, for did they not dress elegantly and change their attire several times a day, as no young woman in Brown's native village had ever been known to do?

But the loss of several hundred dollars a day, which young Brown made for a week, will sober any one but a millionaire, even if he is in love. He parted with all the cash he had brought with him, he drew upon his bank balance until there was none left. When he found but fifty dollars in his pocket and realized that no interest would be due from any of his securities until nearly a month later, that he had a hotel bill to pay, and that he would have barely enough money left to buy a railroad ticket home, he spent an evening alone on the beach to cool his head and curse his luck—two efforts which did not play into each other's hands, so to speak. He tried to nerve himself to propose to Kate, and to ask the colonel for the girl's hand, but loss had more hold on his mind than love, and he finally burst into a torrent of profanity. He thought himself alone, but a voice behind him exclaimed;

"You've got it too, have you?"

"Got it! Got what?" asked Brown, quickly turning his head.

"Why, got cleaned out by the Trews girls?"

"Eh? What in thunder do you know about it?"

"About the same that you yourself know," was the reply, preceded by a hard laugh. "I've been watching you for several days, and wondering how long you were going to last."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, merely that you've been fooled as I was. You thought you were having a lovely time with three lovely girls. Well, they are lovely, no mistake about that, but there isn't a meaner skin gambling den anywhere along the coast than old Trews's parlor. They got all of my money, but I daren't squeal."

"Do you mean to say——" young Brown began, when the stranger interrupted with:

"I mean to say that none of the three is the old man's daughter. He's matched them very well, though, hasn't he?"

"Why, you infernal——"

"Drop that—quick! I'm as badly hurt as you are, but facts are facts. The old man got them together carefully to play the daughter racket on susceptible fools like you and me. Witchie is his niece. Mell was at school with her, and Kate is a cousin of Mell's."

"But how do they win? They didn't seem to know the game when I first met them."

"They didn't need to. They told you that Witchie—oh, that girl!—they told you that Witchie could read the backs of the cards, didn't they? Then you all held your cards under the edge of the table?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, they pool their hands, not only after the deal but after the draw. Of course one good hand can be picked out of fifteen cards. No fool who's adoring the girls themselves as I did, and as of course you did, ever seems to tumble to the trick."

"The swindling, vile——"

"Tut, tut! They're as straight as they look in every way but at cards."

"But how did you find out all this?"

"By making love to one of them and getting my heart broken so badly that she took pity on me and told me the whole trick, to keep me from losing any more. I guess, though, she saw that I'd got about to the end of my financial rope. I promised not to give the snap away, but as I'm dead sure that you're in love with the same girl——"

"Which one?"

"Kate."

"The devil!"

"Oh, no; not she. She's so near square that the others don't entirely trust her. They're hunting the country now for a substitute for her; it really needs three to work the combination so as to make it good enough to pay the crowd's expenses here. The only reason I'm telling you is that Kate is sorry for you, too—or doesn't want you to fall any deeper in love with her, and she wants me to give you enough of her share of the winnings to get you out of town."

Then there was an explosion of bad language from young Brown that would have beaten back the surf, if waves had ears, and a proper abhorrence of profanity. Brown took the first train for home. He "swore off" poker for the remainder of his natural life, and when finally he married he selected a young woman who didn't know a poker chip from a button.

Shadowing A Monomaniac

By ALFRED ALLEN CAMPBELL

DETECTIVE BURK took lodgings at Mr. Renshawe's, a rooming house in New York. His inducement to do so was the cheapness and neatness of the accommodation. Henry Renshawe he knew by reputation only. Burk had heard that a tragical event had cast a deep shadow over Renshawe's life; that he had been for some months the inmate of a private lunatic asylum. Some persons believed his brain had never thoroughly recovered its original healthy action. He was usually kind and gentle, but his general mode of expressing himself and conducting business was quite coherent and sensible. In spite of his resigned cheerfulness of tone and manner, it was at times quite evident, that whatever the mental hurt he had received, it had left a ranking, perhaps remorseful, sting behind.

A small, well-executed portrait in his sitting-room suggested a conjecture of the nature of the calamity which had befallen him. It was that of a mild-eyed, very young woman, of a pensive, almost mournful, cast of features. She was:—"Laura Hargreaves, born 1894; drowned 1920. No direct allusion to the picture ever passed Renshawe's lips, although he and the detective speedily became excellent friends. Still, there were not wanting significant indications that the fire of insanity had not been wholly quenched, but still smoldered and glowed. Exciting circumstances, not very long after the detective's arrival in the metropolis, unfortunately kindled those brief wild sparks into a furious and consuming flame.

Mr. Renshawe was in good circumstances—that is, his income, derived from property, was nearly $3,000 a year; but his habits were close, thrifty, almost miserly. His personal appearance was neat and gentlemanly, but he kept no servant. A woman came once a day to arrange his rooms and perform other household work, and he usually dined, very simply, at a restaurant. His house, with the exception of a sitting and bedroom, was occupied by lodgers; amongst these was a pale, weakly-looking young man, of the name of Irwin. He was suffering from pulmonary consumption. His trade was in gold and silver lacework—bullion for epaulets, and so on; and as he had a good connection with several establishments, his business appeared to be a thriving one; so much so that he usually employed several assistants of both sexes. He occupied the first floor, and a work-shop at the end of the yard. His wife was a pretty-featured, graceful young woman, of not more than twenty. Burk was wondering for about the twentieth time one evening, where it was he had formerly seen her, with that sad, mournful look of hers. It was late. The officer had just returned home. "Oh, now I remember," he suddenly exclaimed, just above his breath; "the picture in Mr. Renshawe's room! What a remarkable coincidence!"

A low, chuckling laugh, close at his elbow, caused him to turn quickly towards the door. Just within the threshold stood Mr. Renshawe, looking like a white stone image rather than a living man, but for the fierce sparkling of his strangely gleaming eyes, and the mocking triumphant curl of his lips. "You, too, have at last observed it, then!" he muttered, faintly echoing the undertone in which Burk spoke. "I have known the truth for many weeks." The manner, the expression, not the words, quite startled the detective. At the same moment a woman's cry rang through the room, and Burk immediately seized Mr. Renshawe by the arm and drew him forcibly away.

"What were you saying? What truth have you known for weeks?" Burk asked, as soon as they had reached his sitting-room.

Before he could answer, another wailing sound came from one of the rooms. Lightning leaped from Renshawe's lustrous, dilating eyes, and the exulting laugh again, but louder, burst from his lips.

"Ha! ha!" he fiercely exclaimed. "I know that cry! It is Death's—Death's! Thrice-blessed Death, whom I have so often ignorantly cursed! But that," he added, quickly, and peering sharply in Burk's face, "was when, as you know, people said"—and he ground his teeth with rage—"people said I was mad!"

"What can you mean by this wild talk, my friend?" the officer replied in as unconcerned and quieting a tone as he could assume. "Come, sit down: I was asking the meaning of your strange words below, just now?"

"The meaning of my words? You know as well as I do. Look here!"

"At the painting? Well?"

"You have seen the original," he went on with the same excited tone and gestures. "It is strange she does not know me. It is sure she does not! But I am changed, no doubt—sadly changed!" he added, dejectedly, as he looked in a mirror.

"Can you mean that I have seen Laura Hargreaves here?" stammered Burk, thoroughly bewildered. "She who was drowned ten or eleven years ago?"

"To be sure—to be sure! It is so believed, I admit, by everybody—by myself, and the belief drove me mad! And yet, I now remember, when I was calm—when the pale face, blind staring eyes, and dripping hair, ceased for awhile to pursue and haunt me, the low, sweet voice and gen-

tle face came back, and I knew she lived, though all denied it. But look, it is her very image!" he added fiercely, his glaring eyes flashing from the portrait to Burk's face alternately.

"Whose image?"

"Whose image! Why, Mrs. Irwin's, to be sure. You yourself admitted it just now." Burk was so shocked that for several minutes he remained stupidly and silently staring at the man. At length he said:

"Well, there is a likeness, though not so great as I imagined——"

"It is false!" he broke in furiously. "It is her very self."

"We'll talk of that to-morrow. You are ill, over-excited, and must go to bed. I hear Dr. Garland's voice below; he shall come to you."

"No—no—no!" he almost screamed. "Send me no doctors; I hate doctors! But I'll go to bed, since you wish it; but no doctors! Not for the world!" As he spoke he shrank coweringly backwards, out of the room, his wavering, unquiet eyes fixed upon the detectives as long as they remained within the view of each other; a moment afterwards, Burk heard him dart into his chamber, and bolt and double lock the door.

It was plain that lunacy, but partially subdued, had resumed its former mastery over the unfortunate man. But what an extraordinary delusion! The officer examined the picture with renewed curiosity. It certainly bore a strong resemblance to Mrs. Irwin: the brown, curling hair, the pensive eyes, the pale, fairness of complexion, were the same; but it was scarcely more girlish, more youthful, than the young matron was now, and the original, had she lived, would have been by this time approaching thirty years of age! The detective went softly down-stairs and found that George Irwin was dead. Dr. Garland came out of the chamber the cry came from, and Burk related what had taken place. He listened with attention and interest; and after some sage observations upon the strange fancies which now and then took possession of the minds of monomaniacs, agreed to see Mr. Renshawe at ten the next morning. Burk was not required upon duty till eleven; and if it were in the physician's opinion desirable, Burk was to write to the patient's uncle, a Mr. Oxley.

Mr. Renshawe was stirring before seven o'clock, and the woman informed Burk that he had taken his breakfast as usual, and appeared to be in cheerful, almost high spirits. The physician was punctual; Burk tapped at the sitting-room door, and was asked to come in. Mr. Renshawe was seated at a table with some papers before him, evidently determined to appear cool and indifferent. He could not, however, repress a start of surprise, almost of terror, at sight of the physician, and a paleness, followed by a hectic flush, passed quickly over his countenance. The detective observed, too, that the portrait was turned with its face towards the wall.

By a strong effort, Mr. Renshawe regained his simulated composure, and in reply to Dr. Garland's professional inquiry, as to the state of his health, said with a forced laugh:

"My friend Burk has, I suppose, been amusing you with the absurd story that made him stare so last night. It is exceedingly silly, I must say, although many persons cannot comprehend a jest. There was John Kemble, the tragedian, for instance, who——"

"Never mind John Kemble, my dear sir," interrupted Dr. Garland. Tell the story over again. I love an amusing joke."

Mr. Renshawe hesitated for an instant, and then said with reserve, almost dignity of manner:

"I do not know, sir"—his face was determinedly averted from the cool, searching gaze of the physician—"that I am obliged to furnish you amusement; and as your presence here was not invited, I shall be obliged by your leaving the room."

"Certainly—certainly, sir. I am exceedingly sorry to have intruded, but I am sure you will permit me to have a peep at this wonderful portrait."

Renshawe sprang impulsively forward to prevent the doctor reaching it. He was too late, and Dr. Garland, turning sharply around with the painting in his hand, literally transfixed him in an attitude of surprise and consternation. Like the Ancient Mariner, he held him by his glittering eye, but the spell was not an enduring one.

"Truly," remarked Dr. Garland, as he found the kind of mesmeric influence he had exerted beginning to fail, "not so very bad a chance resemblance; especially about the eyes and mouth——"

"This is very extraordinary conduct," broke in Mr. Renshawe; "and I must again request that you will both leave the room."

It was useless to persist, and they almost immediately went away.

"Your impression, Mr. Burk," said the physician as he was leaving the house, "is, I dare say, the true one. But he is on his guard now, and it will be prudent to wait for a fresh outbreak before acting decisively; more especially as the hallucination appears to be quite a harmless one."

This was not quite so sure, but of course Burk acquiesced as in duty bound; and matters went on pretty much as usual for seven or eight weeks, except that Mr. Renshawe manifested much aversion towards the detective, and at last served him with a written notice to quit at the end of the term previously stipulated for. There was still some time to that; and in the meanwhile Burk caused a strict watch to be set, as far as was practicable without exciting observation, upon the landlord's words and acts. This was of course before the new law governing evictions went into effect.

Ellen Irwin's first tumult of grief subsided, the next and pressing question related to her own and infant son's subsistence. An elderly man of the name of Tomlins was engaged as foreman

in Irwin's shop; and it was hoped the business might still be carried on with sufficient profit. Mr. Renshawe's manner, though at times indicative of considerable nervous irritability, was kind and respectful to the young widow. Burk began to hope that the delusion he labored under had finally passed away.

The hope was fallacious. He was sitting at tea on a Sunday evening, when Mrs. Irwin, pale, and trembling with fright and nervous agitation, came hastily in, with her little boy. The detective correctly divined what had occurred. In reply to his hurried questioning, the astounded young matron told him that within the last two or three days Mr. Renshawe's strange behavior and disjointed talk had both bewildered and alarmed her. He vaguely intimated that she was really Laura somebody else—that she had kept company with him, Mr. Renshawe, before she knew George Irwin—with many other strange things he muttered. And especially that it was owing to her son reminding her continually of his father, that she pretended not to have known Mr. Renshawe twelve or thirteen years ago.

"In short," added the young woman with tears, "he is utterly crazed; for he asked me just now to marry him—which I would not do for the Indies. He has gone away in a passion to find a paper that will prove, he says, I am that other Laura."

There was something ludicrous in all this. It struck Burk, too, that Renshawe had conceived a real and ardent passion for the very comely and interesting person before him.

Laughable as the matter was in one sense, there was—and the fair widow had noticed as well as Burk—a serious, menacing expression in the man's eye not to be trifled with. At her earnest request, the officer accompanied her to her own apartment, to which Renshawe had threatened soon to return. They had not been a minute in the room, when his hurried step was heard approaching, and the detective stepped hastily into an adjoining closet, where he could hear and partly see all that passed. Renshawe's speech trembled with fervency and anger as he broke at once into the subject with which his disordered brain was reeling.

"You will not dare to say, will you, that you do not remember this song—that these pencil-marks in the margin were not made by you thirteen years ago?" he menacingly ejaculated.

"I know nothing about the song, Mr. Renshawe," rejoined the young woman, with more spirit than she might have exhibited but for Burk's near presence. "It is really such nonsense. Thirteen years ago I was only about nine years of age."

"You persist, then, in this cruel deception! After all, too, that I have suffered; the days of gloom, the nights of horror, since that fearful moment when I beheld you dragged, a lifeless corpse, from the water, and they told me you were dead!"

"Dead! Gracious goodness, Mr. Renshawe, don't go on in this shocking way! I was never dragged out of a pond, nor supposed to be dead—never! You quite frighten one."

"Then you and I, your sister, and thrice-accursed Bedford, did not, on the 7th of August, go for a sail, and the boat was not, in the deadly, sudden, jealous strife between him and me, accidentally upset? But I know how it is; it is this brat, and the memories he recalls, that——"

Mrs. Irwin screamed, and Burk stepped sharply into the room. The grasp of the lunatic was on the child's throat. The detective loosed it somewhat roughly, throwing him off with a force that brought him to the ground. He rose quickly, glared at Burk with tiger-like ferocity, and then darted out of the room. The affair had become serious, and the same night the officer posted a letter, informing Mr. Oxley of what had occurred, and suggesting the propriety of his immediately coming to New York. Measures were also taken for securing Mrs. Irwin and her son from molestation.

But the cunning of lunacy is not easily baffled. On returning home the fourth evening after the dispatch of the letter, Burk found the house and immediate neighborhood in the wildest confusion. Mrs. Irwin, he was told by half a dozen tongues at once, was dying; and the cause of all was, that little George Irwin, a favorite with everybody, had in some unaccountable manner fallen into the East River, and been drowned. This, at least, was the general conviction, although the river had been dragged to no purpose—the child's black beaver hat having been discovered floating to a pier, a considerable way down-stream. The body, it was thought, had been carried out by the force of the current.

A terrible suspicion glanced across Burk's mind.

"Where is Mr. Renshawe?" he asked. Nobody knew. He had not been seen since five o'clock—about the time, Burk soon ascertained, that the child was missed. The detective had the house cleared, as quickly as possible, and then sought a conference with Dr. Garland, who was with Mrs. Irwin. The distracted mother had, he found, been doctored, and it was hoped that brain-fever, which had been apprehended, would not ensue. The physician's suspicions pointed the same way as Burk's; but he declined committing himself to any advice, and the officer was left to act according to his own discretion.

Tomlins and Burk remained up, waiting for the return of Mr. Renshawe. The long, slow hours limped past, the night-silence only broken by the dull moaning and occasional spasmodic screams of Mrs. Irwin. The prolonged absence of Mr. Renshawe confirmed Burk's impressions of his guilt, and he determined to tax him with it, and take him into custody the instant he appeared. It was two in the morning before he did so; and the nervous fumbling for full ten minutes with his latch-key, before he could open the door, quite prepared the officer for the spectral-

like aspect he presented on entering. He had met somebody outside, it afterwards appeared, who had assured him that the mother of the drowned child was either dead or dying. He never drank, but he staggered as if intoxicated; and after he had with difficulty reached the head of the stairs, in reply to Burk's question as to where he had been, he could only stutter with white, trembling lips:

"It—it—cannot be—be true—that Lau—that Mrs. Irwin is—dying?"

"Quite true, Mr. Renshawe," the detective very imprudently replied, and in much too loud a tone, for they were but a few paces from Mrs. Irwin's bedroom door. "And if, as I suspect, the child has been drowned by you, you will have before long two murders on your head."

A choking, bubbling noise came from the wretched man's throat, and his shaking fingers vainly strove to loosen his necktie. At the same moment Burk heard a noise, as of struggling, in the bedroom, and the nurse's voice in eager remonstrance. The detective instantly made a movement towards Mr. Renshawe, with a view to loosen his collar—his features being frightfully convulsed—and to get him out of the way as quickly as possible, for he guessed what was about to happen. Mistaking Burk's intention, he started back, turned half around, and found himself confronted by Mrs. Irwin, her pale features and white night-dress dabbled with blood, in consequence of a partial disturbance of the bandages in struggling with the nurse. He suddenly reeled, threw his arms wildly into the air, and before Burk could stretch forth a hand to save him, he fell heavily backwards from the edge of the steep stairs, where he was standing, to the bottom. Tomlins and Burk hastened to his assistance, lifted him up, and as they did so a jet of blood gushed from his mouth; he had likewise received a terrible wound near the right temple.

They got him to bed; Dr. Garland and a neighboring surgeon were soon with them, and prompt remedies were applied. It was a fruitless labor. Day had scarcely dawned before they heard from the physician's lips that life with him was swiftly ebbing to its close. He was perfectly conscious and collected. Happily, there was no stain of murder on his soul; he had merely enticed the child away, and placed him, under an ingenious pretense, with an acquaintance at Camden Town. He had thrown the child's hat into the river, and his motive in thus acting appeared to have been a double one. In the first place, because he thought the boy's likeness to his father was the chief obstacle to Mrs. Irwin's toleration of his addresses; and next, to bribe her into compliance by a promise to restore her son. But he could not be deemed accountable for his actions.

"I think," he murmured brokenly, "that the delusion was partly self-cherished. I observed the likeness long before, but it was not until the —the husband was dying, that the idea fastened itself upon my aching brain, and grew there. But the world is passing; forgive me—Ellen—Laura——" He was dead!

The inquest on the cause of death returned, of course, that it was "accidental"; but Burk regretted that he had not been less precipitate, though perhaps all was for the best—for the sufferer as well as others. Mr. Oxley had died some five weeks previously. This Burk found from Renshawe's will, where it was written that, having no relative alive for whom he cared, his property was bequeathed to Bellevue Hospital, and a sum of $3,000 a year was to go to Ellen Irwin, as long as she lived unmarried. The document was perfectly coherent; and although written during the height of his monomania, contained not a word respecting the identity of the youthful widow and the Laura whose sad fate had first unsettled the testator's reason.

SALMON CAUGHT IN TRAPS

THERE are several varieties of salmon, the choicest being the "Sockeye." The best fish weighs about eight pounds, is fifteen inches long and has an oval-shaped body with very few scales. The fish is amost delicate pink.

The home of the "Sockeye" is in salt water, in Puget Sound, in the Columbia River and north along the coast of British Columbia and Alaska, says the St. Louis *Republic*.

Here the salmon play in countless numbers, but as they make their way toward the fresh waters they are journeying to their death. Few of them escape the fishermen. And even though they do, they seldom live more than four years. A "Sockeye's" age is told by the number of rings on his scales.

Early in April the fishermen begin to get ready to make their catch each year. For months trap builders work in their rainsuits, driving piles across some pass of the river, where the salmon will travel. Wire netting is stretched across the piling facing the ocean or salt water.

Fish coming from the ocean strike the wire netting and follow it along, hoping to find some way of getting past it. But after following it for a half-mile the fish usually finds that he is in a trap. The trap consists of piling, forming a square fifteen or twenty feet long, faced with wire net, the four corners of which are fastened to a boom arm.

At each trap is a platform built upon piling like a lighthouse. Here a hoist engine is installed, which raises the fish in the trap and drops them into a boat known as a scow. This is towed through the ocean to the salmon cannery.

Sometimes one scowload is estimated to contain fifty thousand fish, and on some days four loads are taken care of at one cannery.

McGinty Lost His Sign

By W. J. O'SULLIVAN, M.D.

PATRICK McGINTY, a blood relation of the gentleman of the same name, who went to an untimely resting place at the bottom of the sea, dressed in his best suit of clothes, was a fisherman in the village of Gravesend. He cast his nets in the salt tides which form the delta of Coney Island Creek. With every incoming tide schools of weak-fish, striped bass, shad and an occasional blue-fish, were swept up the little creek, only to find themselves enmeshed in McGinty's nets. McGinty not only caught his fish, but he retailed them in a little shanty in the village of Gravesend. For many years the honest Irishman toiled early and late, and so fresh were his fish and so honorable his business dealings, that his fame went abroad through all the neighboring country, and McGinty was prosperous and happy. Indeed, so notorious did he become that he was known for miles around as "McGinty, the fresh fish man."

There lived in the village of Gravesend a young Irishman named David McGittrick. He was employed in a railway car shop. Being thrown into contact with painters, and having a natural aptitude for the brush, David soon acquired some skill in lettering and striping. Passing McGinty's fish stand one day, and seeing the proprietor standing in the doorway, he said:

"Say, Mac, wot's de matter wid me makin' a sign for ye? Eh? I'll do de job cheap and me mudder'll take de half out in fish. Wot d'y say, Mac? Is it a go?"

"A sign is it, Danny," replied McGinty. "What would I be doin' wid a sign intirely, me b'y? Shure ivery wan knows me, so they do. I'm known from Norton's Point to Shapeshead Bay, and as far up as Aist New York. Faix, 'twould do me no good and it might do me harrum, as the ass said whin he ate the thistle. But, Danny, dear, they tell me ye are a good b'y to yer mother, and I want t' help ye along. Besides, I'm after winnin' tin dollars lasht night. I'm a rare hand at the game, Danny. Shure they can't bate me. But, about the sign, Danny? How much would ye charge, and what kind o' paint would ye use and what would I put on the sign?"

"Ah, I'd only charge y' the tin dollars ye're afther winnin', and I'd make a sign wid gold letthers on a grane ground, and y' kin put what ye like on the sign. Y' kin say y' got fresh fish for sale. See?"

"All right thin, Danny," said McGinty. "Go ahead and make it, and mind ye, don't spare the grane paint."

In a week the sign was finished. 'Twas a gorgeous affair in green and gold, with letters a foot tall, dazzling to the eye as the rising sun. It bore this legend:

PATRICK McGINTY,
FRESH FISH FOR SALE HERE.

The completion of the sign was made the occasion of a general hurrah by McGinty's friends. They carried it around the village on their shoulders, and toasted it in a dozen saloons, for this happened before prohibition went into effect. It was long after midnight when the sign was swung into its place over the door of the fish-stand.

Next morning, bright and early, Sam Johnson from the West Meadows came over to McGinty's to get some fresh fish for the Cropsey family, with whom he had worked for many years. Sam looked up at the dazzling sign with surprise. He winked and blinked as he spelled out the letters laboriously. Then he went inside and addressed the fisherman:

"Wot's dat you dun gone got ovah de do', Massa McGinty? It's powerful nice, but wot's it mean, eh?"

"Why, Sammy, ye black thickhead! Don't ye see it's me new sign I have? I thought some o' ye nagers 'ud think I was runnin' a junk shop or an 'atin' house, so I had it put up. What d'ye think of it?"

"Wall, Massa McGinty, I'se on'y an igorant nigger, I is. Pears all right. I ain't findin' no fault wid it. Deed I ain't, Massa McGinty. But pears t' me ye done got too much ob de Inglish langwage in it, dough I ain't much of a scholard m'self. Dat's so, honey."

"Why, Sam, me lad, what ails it? Is there annything the matther wid de spellin'? Begorra, if McGittrick didn't paint it right, I'll break him in two halfs, so I will, and more power to me till I do it!"

Both men stepped into the road and looked up at the sign. Johnson read aloud: "'Paddy McGinty, fresh fish for sale here!' Wot yo' done got 'fresh fish for sale here' on de sign for, Massa McGinty? Why, everybody knows y' got fresh fish for sale here! Y' ain't got fish for sale way out yander in de bay, has ye?"

"Begob, Sam, I think ye're right!" exclaimed McGinty, as he re-entered the building and ran his blade through the shining scales of a silver shad. "Shure, 'tis here that I have it for sale always. That little Danny McGittrick, wid himself and his l'arnin', made a fool o' me, so he did. Faix, that word 'here' is shuperfluous intirely. I'll have it eluminated, so I will. Mamie, girl, where are ye? Lave that washin', alanna, and bring here that can o' grane paint that was left over whin Danny was painting the sign! Hurry up, now! Why, ye'll find it forninst the fince in the back yard!"

McGinty took the can of paint from the hand

of his daughter, placed the ladder against the sign, and, at the risk of breaking his neck, for his sea legs were unsteady upon the ladder, daubed "here" over with green paint, and with a sigh of relief resumed his place behind the counter. The sign now read:

PATRICK McGINTY,
FRESH FISH FOR SALE

The next purchaser was Judge Sam Lawrence, a typical Long Islander, with a nasal twang, whose family antedated the Revolution, and who had patronized McGinty ever since he had started in business.

"Hello," said the judge, as he alighted from his horse and gazed in wondering amazement at the sign. "Why, Paddy, you're sprucing up a bit, eh? That's a great sign you've got out thar?"

"Faith, so it is, judge," replied McGinty, in an uncertain tone, his experience with Johnson having unsettled his nerves somewhat. "But what d'ye think of it?"

"Well, Paddy, it seems to be all right, but you've got more words than what's needed. 'Patrick McGinty, fresh fish for sale.' Why in the name of Sam Hill do you want 'for sale' on the sign, Paddy? There ain't a man in King's County who ever knew you to give away a fish."

"Begob, I think you're right, judge," said McGinty with a sigh. "Av coorse I've no fish to give away, yer honor, but I sells them as chape as I can, and give ivery man, woman and child the worth o' their money, so I do, and I wish no man harrum, glory be to the saints! But that 'for sale,' judge, is shuperfluous, so it is. I'll eluminate that also. Here, Mamie, hurry up wid that can o' paint ag'in! Mind yerself! Ye'll find it there beyant, alongside o' that fish-tub. Bring it out, girl."

Watched by the judge and a crowd of boys who had been attracted by the unusual proceedings, up went McGinty and out went the words "for sale." The sign now read:

PATRICK McGINTY,
FRESH FISH

It was now nine o'clock, and the customers began to arrive rapidly. The sign was the object of universal comment, but each of them failed to express any criticism until Mike Tobin, a chum of McGinty's, who was born in his native town in Ireland, and who had crossed the ocean in the same ship, put in his appearance.

"God save all here," said Mike devoutly.

"God save you kindly," replied McGinty. "Is your conscience aisy, Mike?"

"Faith, 'tis that," was the reply. "But what have you here, Mac? I see ye're afther blowin' yerself off to a sign. Arrah, but ye're a fine plum, Mac. 'Patrick McGinty, Fresh Fish.' Usha, what the divvil do ye want to put 'fresh fish' on the sign for? Ye that has been here for forty years haulin' thim by the head out o' the wather ivery night and mornin'. Shure, ivery man, woman and child in the place for miles around knows ye never sold annything but fresh fish, so what the divvil do ye want t' be puttin' it on the sign for?"

This gentle flattery tickled McGinty immensely. He burst into a roar of laughter and exclaimed:

"Ah, Mike, 'tis ye that has the smart tongue in yer head. But spakin' o' fresh fish! Mary Houlihan was here a while ago, and she lookin' at that bucket o' live eels by the dure beyant. Says she: 'Have ye anny eels, Mac?' Says I: 'Faith, I hav. Don't ye see them under yer nose in the tub?' 'Faith, I do,' says she, 'but are they fresh?' Ha, ha, and they swimming around in the tub and flopping the wather in her eyes wid their tails. But gimme your hand, Mike, about the sign! Begorra, yer right! Faix, I never sold annything but fresh fish in me life! That McGittrick was too fresh, so he was. Here, Mamie, bring me out that can o' paint wanst more."

Muttering anathemas upon the head of the sign painter, McGinty climbed the ladder for the third time, and with three or four strokes of his brush effectually blotted out the gilt word "fresh." The sign now read:

PATRICK McGINTY,
FISH

When McGinty returned to the fish-stand after taking the paint can into the back yard, he was saluted with a cheerful greeting by Morris Rosenberg, a pawnbroker, who came down to Gravesend regularly once a week to purchase a mess of "Lafayettes."

These small fry are filled with bones, but when fried in butter to a crisp they form a very toothsome dish.

"Goot mornink, Mr. McGinty," said Rosenberg. "My vife vasn't feelink very vell to-day. She said to me, 'Morris, my darlink, go down by McGinty, und ged some o' dose nize leedle fish. Ve vill fry dem in butter. Lard ve never use. I tink I can ead dem.' But, grazious alive, Mr. McGinty, vot haf you god by de door? A sign mit your biznis on it? 'Patrick McGinty, Feesh!' Vot for you got dot 'feesh' dere for? You don't zell matches or shoelaces, or susbenders or visk prooms, or cloding? You zell noddink but feesh. Vot is de use of dot name dere—'feesh?' I bledge you my vord I vos in biznis feefty year and I never put up my biznis. Sure, I am a bawnbroker ! T'ree balls, dot's all. Ha, ha, McGinty! 'Twas bedder you take off dot 'feesh.' Eh?"

"Begob, Mr. Rosenberg, ye're right," said McGinty. "I niver sold annything but fish in me life, and ivery wan knows it. I was an ould fool to be puttin' it up, so I was. I think I'll take it down. Mamie, have ye that can o' paint handy?"

Up went McGinty for the fourth time, and out went the useless word. The sign now bore this lonely legend:

PATRICK McGINTY,

The sign was held up by two staples, insecurely fastened. While McGinty was still on the ladder he saw Dick Voorhees, the village constable, approaching. An ordinance had been passed by the village trustees prohibiting the erection of signs without their consent. McGinty remembered this ordinance when he saw the constable. Afraid of getting into trouble with the authorities, he lifted one end of the sign from its fastenings and let it drop. In falling the sign struck the ladder, and down went McGinty, sign, paint and ladder. The paint flew over the gaping group below, while McGinty scrambled to his feet with a sprained ankle. He was in a towering rage. Painfully lifting the sign, which was still intact, in his arms, he stood it on end on the ground.

He drew a red bandana handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the green paint out of his eyes. At this moment McGittrick joined the group. When McGinty saw him he fairly roared with rage. Grasping him by the shoulder, he exclaimed:

"It's there ye are, ye spalpeen! Look at the monkey ye made o' me wid yer ould sign! Look at me shirt, sp'iled by the paint! And all me money gone! Bad luck to ye, come here, ye omadhaun!"

Pushing McGittrick before him with one hand and limping along with the sign in the other, McGinty went into the back yard. Standing the sign against the fence, he shouted:

"Thare, McGittrick, take that pot o' paint and put on the top o' the sign 'Here Lies!' Yez have all had yer fun wid me to-day, but, begorra, whin I turn up me toes none o' ye will have a gravestone wid gold letthers on it!"

The wooden headstone will look like this:

ARCHITECTURAL WONDER IN JUNGLES OF JAVA

IN central Java there stands a temple built in the sixth century of the Christian era, which is in almost as perfect a state of preservation as when the workmen and artists laboring upon it laid down their tools. The temple is one of the architectural wonders of the world. Yet, strangely enough, almost nothing has been written of it—that is, except great scientific volumes, mostly in Dutch, which do not come into the hands of the average reader.

Words fail adequately to tell of this remarkable building. It was reared by Buddhist missionaries and their followers to hold a vase of ashes of Buddha. The ashes of Buddha, according to the history of the times, were divided first into eight parts and placed in tombs in certain cities in India. Later King Osaka of India, the most jealous apostle of Buddhism in the annals of that religion, had the ashes re-divided into 84,000 parts, which were placed in separate vases and taken by different missionaries. Some of these men went to Java and soon the country adopted their religion.

As a fitting monument in which to place the vase of ashes the temple of Boro-Budur was erected. It is particularly interesting at this time, as there is a possibility that in the near future aeroplanes will carry tourists to it; for just recently a syndicate of Dutch capitalists announced the starting of an aeroplane service throughout the Malay archipelago, and Java, with its great population and trade connections, will be one of the most important islands on the route.

The temple of Boro-Budur is 150 feet high and stands on an artificial plain incased with huge lava blocks. It is made up of terraces, the galleries of which are filled with bas-reliefs. In the corner of each of the galleries, which are many-angled, sits a Buddha on his lotus leaf.

Through the parapet of the artificial plain on which the temple stands are steps which are guarded by grotesque animals of stone. On the upper flat are seventy-two bell-shaped shrines. These are of latticework stone, and within every one of them is a Buddha seated gazing toward the vast central dome. This dome is fifty-two feet in diameter, and at one time had an immense topping spire.

Following the Moslem invasion in the fifteenth century A. D. the temple was deserted and surrounded with jungle. It remained unknown to the world until 1814, when it was stumbled upon by Sir Stamford Raffles, then Lieutenant Governor of the island. He at once realized the historic value of the wonderful temple, and put hundreds of men to work to reclaim Boro-Budur from the jungle. This undertaking was continued by the Dutch when they took over the island.

The Meaning of Dreams

HOW TO READ CHARACTER

(*Continued from No.* 72)

36. A gray eye denotes the person to be of weak intellect, devoid of wit, but a plain, plodding, downright drudge, that will act as he is spirited up by others. He will be slow in learning anything that requires attention; however, he will be just to the best of his understanding.

37. A wall eye denotes the person to be of a hasty, passionate and ungovernable temper, subject to sudden and violent anger; haughty to his equals and superiors, but mild and affable to his inferiors.

38. A red, or as it is vulgarly called, a saucer eye, denotes the person to be selfish, deceitful and proud, and furious in anger, fertile in the invention of plots, and indefatigable in his resolution to bring them to bear. Imperious in his family, anxious for riches, and suspicious that others are forming designs against him; is ardent in love, but strongly attached to the first object that catches his fancy.

39. A nose that comes even on the ridge, flat on the sides, with little or no hollow between the eyes, declares the man to be sulky, insolent, disdainful, treacherous and self-sufficient; if it has a point descending over the nostrils, he is avaricious and unfeeling, vainglorious and ignorant; peevish, jealous, quick in resentment, yet a coward at the bottom.

40. A nose that rises with a sudden bulge a little below the eyes, and then falls again into a kind of hollow below, is petulant and noisy, void of science, and of a very light understanding.

41. The nose that is small, slender and peaked shows the person to be of a fearful disposition, jealous, and insidious.

42. The nose that is small, tapering round in the nostrils and cocked up, shows the person to be ingenuous, smart, of a quick apprehension, giddy, and seldom looking into consequences.

43. The lips that are thick, soft and long announces the person to be of weak intellect, credulous and slightly peevish; but by little soothing easily brought back to a good humor. He is much addicted to the pleasures of love, and scarcely moderate in his enjoyment of them; yet he is invariably upright in his conduct, and of a timorous, bashful temper.

44. If the upper lip is much thicker than the upper and more prominent, the person is of a weak understanding, but artful, knavish, and given to chicanery to the full extent of his ability. He is of a cowardly nature unless strongly excited by another.

45. The lips that are moderately plump and even declare the person to be good-humored, humane, sensible, judicious and just, neither giddy nor torpid, but pursuing in every particular a just medium.

46. The lips that are thin show the person to be of a quick and lively imagination, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, indefatigable in labor, not too much attached to money, eager in the pursuit of love, more brave than otherwise, and tolerably happy in life.

47. The lips that are thin and sunk inwards denote the person to be of a subtle and persevering disposition, everlasting in hatred, and never sparing any pains to compass his revenge; in love or friendship much more moderate and uncertain.

48. The chin that is round, with hollow between it and the lip, shows the person to be of a good-humored disposition, kind and honest; he is sincere in his friendship and ardent in his love; his understanding is good and his genius capacious. If he has a dimple it makes him better.

49. The chin that comes down flat from the edge of the lip, ending in a kind of chisel-form, shows the person to be silly, credulous, ill-tempered and greedy of unmerited honors; capacious, wavering and unsteady; he will affect great modesty in the person of others, though he will not scruple to do the vilest actions when he thinks himself secure from discovery. A dimple makes no alteration.

50. The chin that is pointed upward shows the person to be much given to contrivances. However fair he may speak to you, you can never depend on his friendship, as his purpose is only to make you subservient to his own designs. In love, his generosity will be of the same stamp.

51. Of the face in general I shall say that the person whose features are strong, coarse and unpleasant to the eye is of selfish, brutal, rough and unsocial disposition; greedy of money, harsh in expression, but will sometimes fawn with a bad grace to gain his ends.

52. The face that is plump, round and ruddy denotes the person to be of an agreeable temper, a safe companion, hearty and jovial, fond of company, of sound principles and a clear understanding, faithful in love, etc.

53. The face that is thin, smooth and even, with well-proportioned features, shows the person to be of a good disposition, but lively, penetrating and active; somewhat inclined to suspicion, yet of an agreeable conversation; assiduous in the pursuits of knowledge, and strongly addicted to the delights of love.

(*To be continued*)

Current News

ORIGIN OF SCOTLAND YARD.

Scotland Yard is the headquarters of the metropolitan police of the city of London. It was formerly applied to a building corner of Charing Cross, London, and derives its name from the fact that the palace long standing at that point was assigned from the time of Edgar to Henry II as a residence for the sovereigns of Scotland when they visited London. New Scotland Yard is on the Thames embankment, near Westminster, and has been the police headquarters since 1891.

WINS HOMESTEAD TITLE.

Mrs. Maud Schneider, Placerville, Cal., has won the homestead on which she filed ten years ago.

Mrs. Schneider was teaching school when she filed on her claim. She lived on the homestead, but was offered a better salary in Placerville the next year. So she spent only the week-ends on her farm.

Samuel Butler, receiver of the land office at Sacramento, held this insufficient residence when she attempted to prove up. Registrar Henry P. Andrews held she was entitled to her home. The Commmissioner of the General Land Office upheld Butler, but Assistant Secretary of the Interior Vogelsang reversed the Commissioner and gave Mrs. Schneider title to her homestead.

DEATH AS HE DREAMED.

The dream of Robert Abney, aged thirty-five years, an employee of the Fort Smith steel mills at Arkona, Ark., that he was to suffer death at the plant, came true when Abney died at 6.45 one night from injuries he sustained at the plant in the morning.

Before Abney went to work he told his wife he was feeling blue. He dreamed the night before, he said, that he had been injured in the mill and had died at 7 o'clock at night. Abney also told his mother of his dream.

Abney was caught in a power belt at the plant, and before the engine could be stopped his body was wrapped about the belt in a tangled mass. His arms, nose, left leg and six ribs were broken.

A MOUNTAIN OF SOAP

It is said that in a mountain near Elko, Nev., there is an inexhaustible supply of pure soap. One may enter the mine with a butcher's knife and cut as large a piece as he wants. It is beautifully mottled, and on being exposed to the air hardens somewhat. The mountain of clay is of fine texture, and it contains boracic acid, soda, and borate of lime. Its color is given it by the iron and other minerals. In its natural state it is rather strong in alkali, and removes ink and other stains readily. At one time it was used on the Pullman cars, but when its peculiar origin became generally known passengers appropriated it so extensively for souvenirs that the company was forced to go back to the common soap of commerce.

HUBBELL SAYS SPIRIT MADE HIM GIVE UP $61,000.

Dr. Julian B. Hubbell, secretary of the late Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, filed suit in the Circuit Court, Rockville, Md., Sept. 26, to recover from Mrs. Maybelle Rawson Hirons property, cash and bonds valued at $61,000, which he claims he turned over to Mrs. Hirons under the influence of messages from the spirit of Miss Barton. The court issued an order temporarily restraining Mrs. Hirons from disposing of any of the property mentioned in the proceedings.

Dr. Hubbell, who at one time was chief of the medical staff of the Red Cross, declared in his bill of complaint that in 1914 Mrs. Hirons informed him that the spirit of Miss Barton had appeared to her and had directed that he turn over to her his property for use in building a memorial to Miss Barton. He further alleges that recently he learned that the memorial project had been abandoned.

SITS AMONG SNAKES.

Dr. Marie Phisalix is making a thorough study of poisonous reptiles and the practical uses to which they can be put. She spends her time in the serpents' house of the famous Zoo, the Jardin de Pantes, where she sits in her laboratory with her snakes, salamanders, singing toads and grass-green tree frogs about her.

"Here," she said, taking up a lovely newt with the resplendent orange waistcoat which Nature gives him for courting times, "here is a gentleman whose poison is not in a gland provided with a fang but under his skin," and she explained that this device, if it left him defenseless before his enemy the snake, yet defended his race, since no snake could eat two newts. He dies from the effects of the first.

Mme. Phisalix is the only woman engaged in research work at the Paris Natural History Museum, and she holds a unique position in the scientific world. She took her degree at Sevres Women's College and was a professor of natural science in different lycees, which she obtained in 1900 with a thesis on the salamander and poisons from the medical point of view.

RAT'S BITE OF BABY REVEALS FEVER GERM.

When a rat gnawed the finger of Elmer Deaver, as the 1-month-old child lay asleep in its home in Baltimore ten weeks ago, there began to develop a rare medical case. It has resulted in the isolation for the first time in this country for a long-sought germ and in experiments toward concocting a serum to combat rat bite fever. The child is under treatment at St. Agnes's Hospital. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Deaver.

Medical annals, until the development of the Denver case, showed that the world had known only 103 cases of rat bite fever, a sort of venomous infection that does not develop a mucus, but ravages the blood and in most cases kills.

Only after the child had been treated by several medical experts was the case properly diagnosed, as the parents were unaware of the manner in which the child had been infected. Dr. N. V. Harper of Johns Hopkins, who was the first to suspect the cause of the poisoning, set about the isolation of the germ. This was accomplished on August 23.

A QUEER POST-OFFICE.

Speaking of odd, tucked-away corners of the globe and the novel aspects of life they are bound to present to the sophisticated and often pampered regions where humanity congregates most thickly, there is a tale, told by Walter K. Putney in "St. Nicholas Magazine," which will be found interesting:

"How many people know that South America can boast of the simplest post-office in the world? It would take considerable guessing on the part of the reader to locate this post-office, for he would find it at the very end of the continent. Even then he might not recognize it.

"Opposite Tierra del Fuego is a very high, rocky cliff overhanging the Strait of Magellan, and from one of the rocks is suspended, by a long chain, a barrel which receives mail. To be sure, there is no postmaster, nor is there any regular letter carrier or collector, but every ship that goes though the strait stops and sends a boat to this curious little post-office, looks over the letters that are in it to see if there are any for the men on board that particular ship, and places therein letters for seamen on board ships that are known to be headed for the strait.

"Who was the person that first thought of such a scheme we are not told, but the sailors think a great deal of their unique post-office, and there has never yet, to anybody's knowledge, been any violation of the confidence reposed in it. When a sailor sends a letter to it addressed to another seaman he is absolutely certain of its delivery. It may be that one of the two seamen is on a vessel which is not expected to pass by this ocean post-office, but the letter may have on it a request that a vessel going east or west shall pick it up and deliver it to some point where the seaman will be sure to receive it. In this manner letters have been known to make their way to the Arctic Ocean, or even to India."

TWO NOTED CAVES

So far as is now known, the United States can lay claim to having the largest caves in the world, and first among these is, naturally, Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. It is only about eighty-five miles from Louisville. Upon visiting its depths it is easy to see how the word mammoth is coupled with its natural name, for parts of it have been explored for a distance of over 150 miles and maps made so that the guides themselves can't get lost. The main body of the cave is only about three miles long, yet parts of this section furnish the famous halls and domes, some of which are 175 feet wide and 125 feet high.

This great cavern has many small lakes and rivers, the best known of these being Echo River, which reverberates an echo to an untold distance, repeating the sound of your voice until only a whisper is heard at the last. The fish in this and the other bodies of water are white and have no eyes. There are also crickets, bats, flies, bettles, spiders and other queer blind creatures to be found here, and it is interesting to watch them when they are taken out into the light. Being blind, their movements are quite slow and cautious when compared to their kind that live out in the open. In taking a hike through this world's largest cave the guides light up the way so that many beautiful things can be seen, such as the Star Chamber, where the lofty ceiling is studded with snowy crystals that glisten like diamonds. When white men first discovered Mammoth Cave they found many stone arrowheads, pieces of torches and other relics which indicated that it had once been a meeting place for the Indians, and for all we know countless numbers of war dances may have taken place in the famous Star Chamber just mentioned.

Wyandotte Cave is another one of our great caverns and ranks next to Mammoth Cave in both size and interest. It is in Crawford County, Ind., and so far has been explored for more than twenty-three miles. In its depths are found many formations similar to those of its bigger sister, one of the chambers being 200 feet high and 300 feet broad. The temperature and moisture in the air are so even that you can walk a great distance without feeling the least fatigue until coming out into the open once more. But if you happen to be one of those few folks who do not indulge in hikes you'll certainly feel the results of the long walk after sitting around for a few minut-

SLAVES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

A relic of slavery days in New England in the middle of the eighteenth century, the old Tilden house on Winter street, West Hanover, the only house in that town where slaves were kept for market, has been demolished.

The house is one of the best known landmarks in Plymouth County and has stood for nearly 200 years. It was used as a tavern in its early days and later for a residence. Of recent years it has been abandoned to the elements and has rapidly fallen into decay.

No one knows the exact date of the building of the house, but historians agree that it was long before the incorporation of the town of Hanover in 1727.

The Hon. Jedediah Dwelley of North Hanover, who has spent much time in gathering facts concerning the early history of the town, says: "While there was more or less buying and selling of slaves (as in the middle of the eighteenth century nearly all the wealthy families owned one or more) this probably was the only place where the traffic was carried on for revenue. I have seen two bills of slaves sold from this house. One was from Job Tilden to a Mr. Bailey of Scituate, a negro child named Morrow, 9 years of age, of good bodily health and a kind disposition."

One of Mr. Tilden's slaves named Cuffee served as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and according to an old payroll he was stationed at Hull, March 1, 1777. He was with Col. Bailey and died at Valley Forge. He was known as Cuffee Tilden and was so inscribed on the printed rolls.

The books of the First Congregational Church of Hanover record the marriage by the Rev. Benjamin Bass on February 8, 1751, of Jack and Billah, servants owned by Job Tilden, and also the death of a negro boy owned by Job Tilden, February 12, 1760.

There are many other brief records of slaves kept in different families in Hanover.

MARVELS OF BIRD LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA

In a recent interview Dr. Frank M. Chapman, curator of the department of birds of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City and organizer and leader of a number of South American expeditions, gave some interesting information concerning South American bird life.

Costa Rica, he said, is about the same size as West Virginia, but over 650 species of land birds have been found in that little Central American republic, whereas in all America north of Mexico only some 500 species are known.

The figures give us some conception of the wealth of South American bird life, and, when we enter the Andean region, where mountains with their feet in the tropics rear their heads far above the limits of perpetual snow, the resulting abrupt climatic changes due to altitude being within an even smaller area a larger number of birds than has been recorded from Costa Rica. In Andean Colombia, for example, the museum expeditions actually secured specimens of over 1,150 species of land birds, or more than twice as many as exist in the United States, Canada and Greenland.

This teemingly bird population is due not only to highly diversified and favorable climatic conditions, but also to the fact that in tropical South America birds are practically non-migratory. They are, therefore, continuously subjected to the influences of their surroundings and do not mix with birds from other localities; two factors of the utmost importance in the evolution of species.

But the richness of South American bird life is due to the presence of the Andes more than to any other one thing; and it is the absence of great mountain chains in Africa which accounts for the comparatively small numbers of species of birds in that continent. From base to summit, four distinct zones of life—tropical, sub-tropical, temperate and alpine—are found in the higher Andes, and each zone has species which are confined to it. So sharply are these zones defined that, where the slope is steep, one may pass from one zone to another on foot in less than ten minutes and, at the same time, find an almost entirely different set of birds.

Such changes are impossible at sea level. One may go from the tropical upper Amazon 3,000 miles to its mouth and find less difference in the general bird population than one will encounter in an altitude of 3,000 feet in the Andes.

It is not only the height of the Andes which affects bird life. In places for hundreds of miles this gigantic range may appear as two or three chains, each not less than 10,000 or 11,000 feet in height, and these climatic walls are as impassable to the species living in the tropical or sub-tropical valleys they enclose as though they extended to the zenith. Isolation is, therefore, added to the factors of climate and sedentariness in the making of the species, and the three combined have produced a greater variety of bird life than is found in any area of similar extent in the world. This circumstance alone would make the Andean region especially attractive to naturalists, but of even more importance than the abounding life is the fact that much of this life has evidently been evolved in comparatively recent years. There is, therefore, far greater possibility of determining the causes which govern the origin and distribution of life in such a region than in one where no climatic or other environmental changes have occurred in recent geologic times, and where evolution has, as it were, been at a standstill.

RAG PICKER YIELDS $10,000.

Max Spiegel, a rag picker of Chicago, was arrested at the request of his wife because he told her he was going back to Russia where he could get a drink. She did not know anything of his financial condition except they were very poor and lived miserably.

The police searched Spiegel and in the lining of his cap, coat, trousers, boots, shirt and vest they found layers and layers of soiled, ragged old $10 bills. The poor rag picker's fortune consisted of about $10,000.

Judge Newcomer took charge of his affairs. He ordered $6,000 placed in the bank under a joint account, so Mrs. Spiegel could draw what money she needed, the rest, he declared, should be invested in a mortgage. "You stay here and take care of your family," he said to Spiegel.

WHY DOES A FIRE GO OUT?

Fire will go out naturally when there is nothing left to burn, or it will go out if it cannot secure enough oxygen out of the air to keep it going. In the first case it dies what we might call a "natural death," and in the latter case the fire practically suffocates. The fire in the open fireplace, if it has plenty of air, will burn up everything burnable that it can reach. The stones of the fireplace or other parts of a stove will not burn, because they have already been burned, and you cannot burn anything a second time, if all of the oxygen in it was burned out of it the first time.

Now, then, to burn up a thing, you must first start a fire under it, and then keep a constant draft of air playing on it from beneath, or the fire will die out. The more difficult a thing is to burn, the more important it is that you have plenty of draft. If the ashes accumulate under the fire the air cannot go through them in sufficient quantity and the fire will go out. Other things which prevent the current of air from going up through the fire will cause it to go out. That is why we close the lower door of the furnace, to keep the fire from burning out. When we shut off the draft of air from below, the fire in the furnace burns slowly, i. e., it just hangs on, so to speak.—Book of Wonders.

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CAT LOSES IN FIGHT WITH ROOSTER

A half grown cat belonging to Ford Ewald, a farmer near Sussex, N. J., started to run across the barnyard two or three days ago, and on his way he decided to treat himself to a bit of chicken. But unfortunately for himself he picked out a guinea rooster, a most pugnacious bird, and when he jumped toward it the rooster seized the cat by the tail.

The cat growled in agony and with a vengeful twist turned upon the rooster, which cackled shrilly and began to fight in earnest. Feathers and fur flew in all directions, while cat and the rooster struggled in the throes of combat. Ewald watched the fight and for a time felt sorry for the rooster, but when the bird whistled angrily and bit two or three inches of fur out of the cat's hide his sympathy went out to the cat.

The battle continued for about nine minutes, with the cat losing one of its lives every minute. At the beginning of the tenth minute the cat grunted hoarsely and rolled over dead, while the rooster preened himself, neighed in triumph two or three times and then strolled pridefully away surrounded by worshipping chickens.

TEAKETTLE LIFESAVER

Surrounded on all sides by hissing copperheads, Joe Leonard, watchman at the Fulton tunnel, on the New York Central Railroad, Clearfield, Pa., owes his life to a kettle of hot water which he always has on the top of the little cast-iron stove in the shanty which shelters him from the elements. The other morning after completing his inspection of the tunnel, Leonard returned to his watch box, and on entering found six big copperheads had taken possession.

The biggest reptile in the bunch struck at him from beneath a bench, fastening its fangs in a leg of the watchman's overalls. Leonard sprang on to a small bench, permitting the copperheads to dangle over the side. Realizing that he could not battle the snakes without weapons, he seized the teakettle and began pouring boiling water on the snakes, which were striking at him from all sides.

Leonard then sprang outside with the biggest snake still hanging to his overalls, evidently unable to release its fangs. With a big rock the watchman soon despatched his closest enemy.

It measured thirty-one inches in length and was as thick as a man's wrist.

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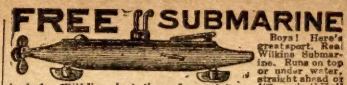

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